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THE TRIBUTE TO THOSE WHO DIED AT VERA CRUZ

Ceremonial tributes and memorial services were held on Monday of last week at New York for the seventeen young sailors and marines who died in Vera Cruz, and for the two who died after the war-ships bringing their comrades left Mexico. The occasion lacked nothing of impressiveness, solemnity, and dignity. It is true that there was some disorder and mere sight-seeing excitement, but that is inevitable in a vast city crowd. The large impression produced was of deep feeling and true patriotic emotion.

Tens of thousands of men stood in the streets with bared heads as the artillery caissons bearing the bodies of these brave lads—for almost all of them were quite young men—rolled heavily over the streets; they listened to the dirges from the bands, watched the manly bearing of the detachments of marines and sailors escorting their dead heroes, greeted the President with respect, and restrained their applause only through regard for the occasion. Flags drooped at half-mast on every building and on every vessel in the harbor from the great Imperator to the smallest tugboat; gun salutes reverberated as naval rule prescribes; school-children in hundreds sang; the Mayor of New York placed a wreath of orchids on the casket of one of the three New York sailors and spoke feelingly of the inspiration drawn from the loyalty and sacrifice of these men "who gave their lives not to war, but to the extension of peace;" at all points of the procession and in all parts of the ceremony honor and gratitude and respect for the men who had fallen while doing their duty to their country were manifested sincerely.

President Wilson's address was free from rhetorical excess; it rang true; beyond question it was heartfelt. Its purport is well represented by the two following paragraphs:

> The feeling that is uppermost is one of profound grief that these lads should have had to go to their death, and yet there is mixed with that grief a profound pride that they should have gone as they did, and, if I may say it out of my heart, a touch of envy of those who were permitted so quietly, so nobly, to do their duty. . . .
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> Duty is not an uncommon thing, gentlemen. Men are performing it in the ordinary walks of life all around us all the time, and they are making great sacrifices to perform it. What gives men like these peculiar distinction is not merely that they did their duty, but that their duty had nothing to do with them or their own personal and peculiar interests.

A vivid impression was made when Mr. Wilson noted the fact that the names of the dead suggested several races in blood, yet all, no matter whence they sprang, were Americans who "thought and wished and did the things that were American, and the flag under which they served was a flag in which all the blood of mankind is united to make a free nation."

"A WAR OF SERVICE"

Two passages in President Wilson's address, apart from their perfectly natural connection with the occasion, have a wider bearing. In one the President took what seems to many to be a new position as regards the present critical situation between the United States and Mexico. When he appealed to Congress for approval of the intended occupation of Vera Cruz, he said that the use of armed force was "to obtain from General Huerta and his adherents the fullest recognition of the rights and dignity of the United States." Last week, in his speech at the naval memorial service, he declared:

> We have gone down to Mexico to serve mankind if we can find out the way. We do not want to fight the Mexicans. We want to serve the Mexicans if we can, because we know how we would like to be free and how we would like to be served if there were friends standing by ready to serve us. A war of aggression is not a war in which it is a proud thing to die, but a war of service is a thing in which it is a proud thing to die.

It is not to criticise but to praise that we quote this recognition by the President of the fact that not Huerta but Mexico is the issue before us. "A war of service" (the actual existence of which the President impliedly admits) is the only kind of war the American people will permit or justify. It is not a question whether we shall enter Mexico. We are in Mexico. American duty there will not end until in one way or another Mexico is put on the road toward peace and prosperity.

The other passage to which we refer was that in which the President, in close proximity to the statement that he had never been in battle, but that there are other things as hard as to be under fire, said, "I fancy that it is just as hard to do your duty when men are sneering at you as when they are shooting at you. When they shoot at you they can only take your natural life; when they sneer at you they can wound your heart." This is emphatically true. To criticise the policy or action of a President not only may be proper but is often a duty; to sneer at him is vicious and contemptible. A President of the United States in a crisis like the present is carrying a terrible burden; he should have—and we believe does have—the sympathy and loyal support, so far as principle and reason allow, of all honorable and patriotic citizens.

THE MEDIATORS

The Huerta Government has appointed three delegates to represent it at the conference at Niagara Falls, Ontario, called by the mediating Powers—Argentina, Brazil, Chile. The envoys are Señores Emilio Rabasa, Agustin Rodriguez, and Luis Elguero. Señor Rabasa is a tall, spare man, of recognized ability in international affairs, and has often been spoken of as a probable Ambassador at Washington. Señor Rodriguez, aged and feeble, enjoys much consideration in Mexico. Señor Elguero, a short, thickset man, is attorney for the National Bank of Mexico. All three have been, it is said, at various times retained to represent the Pearson or main British oil interests in Mexico; indeed, Señor Elguero is a director of the Mexican Eagle Oil Company, a Pearson concern. It would seem, therefore, as if Lord Cowdray, the head of the vast Pearson oil interests in different countries, would be well protected at the approaching conference.

The Mexican delegates left Mexico City last week on their way to the United States. At the railway stations officials, both civil and military, paid their respects to the envoys, and the Mexican troops fired salutes in their honor. At Vera Cruz they were met by General Funston, commanding the United States forces, who was accompanied by only two other officers, so as to give little evidence of the American occupation. However, the delegates were driven through the city to the pier, where their steamship lay, in our army automobiles, and of course saw the fleet of United States war-ships lying in the harbor, and in the distance the Stars and Stripes floating over San Juan de Ulloa.

The question has arisen whether the envoys have received plenipotentiary power, or whether they are merely authorized to deal with certain specific questions. This question has now been answered by the publication of the text of the resolution adopted by the Mexican Senate in ratifying the appointments of the delegates. The resolution says in part:

> They are authorized to adjust, debate, negotiate, and sign any arrangement or treaty with the Government of the United States of America, with full powers and authority, as ample as may be necessary for the adjustment of the conflict that has arisen between the two countries.

Our own delegates to the conference, we are glad to say, are to be Joseph Rucker Lamar, of Georgia, Associate Justice of the Federal Supreme Court, and ex-Solicitor-General Frederick William Lehmann, of Missouri, well-known figures in our public life. The mere mention of the names of these eminent jurists is sufficient to inspire confidence that the United States Government will be worthily and powerfully represented.

THE OUTLOOK'S CORRESPONDENT IN MEXICO

It had been hoped that a third article from The Outlook's staff correspondent in Mexico, Mr. Gregory Mason, might appear in this issue, and a word of explanation for its nonappearance may be welcome, especially to the many readers who have expressed warm interest in the two articles from Mr. Mason's pen which have already appeared in The Outlook.

After the experiences with Carranza and Villa in northern Mexico described in those articles Mr. Mason returned to El Paso, Texas. He was engaged in obtaining material for an article about the American army on our border when a special opportunity occurred for him to make a journey into parts of northern Mexico less known and of more stirring news interest than those places ordinarily reached by correspondents. His plan was to proceed through the cities of Juarez and Chihuahua to Torreon, to Monterey, recently captured by the Constitutionalists, and thence to emerge from Mexico at Laredo, Texas.

This journey lay through a country unsettled by war and with more or less broken communications. Despatches to the New York "Sun" from El Paso on May 12 said: "Friends of Gregory Mason, of New York, magazine writer, fear he is either in jail at Torreon or has been made way with by the rebels. Since May 1, when Mason left El Paso for Torreon, nothing has been heard from him and all efforts to reach him with telegrams and letters have failed." The only cause for ill treatment suggested is certain criticisms in one of Mr. Mason's articles.

The apprehensions here expressed seemed to us mere conjecture. Neither The Outlook nor Mr. Mason's friends saw in those conjectures room for serious alarm, and on May 14 The Outlook received from El Paso positive information that Mr. Mason had been in Torreon and had gone on to the front at Saltillo. Following the capture of Tampico by the Constitutionalists on May 13 (a victory of the first importance) the next great battle is likely to be at Saltillo. We have every hope that soon there will come from Mr. Mason reports of his experiences and observations such as will afford that sane, moderate, and unbiased view of Mexican conditions to-day to obtain which was the object of The Outlook in sending a special correspondent into the country, and which, we think, has been exemplified in the articles by Mr. Mason already published.

THE ONE-PRICE POLICY

An important bill has been introduced into Congress which, under the pressure of foreign affairs and of trust regulation, is likely to be lost sight of unless it is supported by definite expressions of public opinion. It is known as the Stevens Price Standardization Bill, H. R. 13305. We have received a circular letter about this bill from the American Fair Trade League, from which we quote the following paragraph:

> The opposition to this measure is largely based, as far as we can ascertain, on misapprehension of its nature and purpose. It has been represented as compelling manufacturers to enforce a uniform retail price for their goods, whether they wish to do so or not. This is a mistake. The bill is not mandatory, but simply provides that manufacturers who so desire may make agreements with merchants to maintain a uniform retail price for their goods.

We have many times in these pages advocated some legislation of this general character. The attitude of the present Administration and the trend of court decisions interpreting the Sherman Anti-Trust Law have thrown serious obstacles in the way of what we believe to be the commendable efforts of the best American manufacturers to sell their goods to retail purchasers at a uniform published price. Price-cutting of standard articles is as disadvantageous to the public as railway rebating. There is every economic and social reason why a manufacturer should be permitted to make a contract with the retailer by which the retailer shall agree to sell the manufacturer's goods at a published and uniform price. The least that could be done would be to permit the manufacturer to decline to sell goods to a retailer who broke such a contract. A more effective way perhaps would be to permit the manufacturer to sue the retailer for damages for violating the contract. Some permissive legislation is necessary to enable the manufacturer to use either of these defenses against price-cutting. Indeed, at present the sympathy of the Government appears to be with the price-cutter. The time will surely come when the retail price-cutter will be placed in the same category as the railway rebater. The remedy for monopoly in merchandising is to permit free and honorable competition among the manufacturers, not to promote price-cutting among the retailers.

THE TRUST BILLS BEFORE CONGRESS

Congress has still before it the immensely important task of legislating upon trusts and the control of corporations. It was stated by Mr. Underwood in Democratic caucus last week that the President is insistent on the passage this session of the trust bills and the bill for Federal supervision of railway stocks and bonds, and that nothing else, except appropriations and the Panama tolls repeal measure, need be passed. This announcement is especially interesting in view of the fact that the New York "World" and other Democratic papers have been recommending that trust legislation go over to

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the next Congress. The purpose of the Administration (apart from the establishing of a Trade Commission, which we discuss separately below) is presented in the main provisions of the Clayton Anti-Trust Bill, now before the House of Representatives, and the Newlands Anti-Trust Bill, under consideration in the Senate. Both are likely to be changed before passage; the Senate bill is the more drastic; it is probable that there may be some difficulty in bringing the two houses into unison when the bills reach the conference stage.

The situation in the lower house is at present the more advanced. The Clayton Anti-Trust Bill and the Covington Inter-State Trade Commission Bill there together substantially represent the Democratic official view. The Clayton Anti-Trust Bill takes the place of four measures originally introduced and now consolidated; together with the original Inter-State Trade Commission Bill these made up the so-called Five Brothers.

The criticisms generally made against the Clayton Bill is that it prescribes and limits corporation action without really dealing thoroughly with the problems involved, and that it is incoherent in that it deals in one act with totally unrelated topics. Instead of either supplanting or supplementing broadly the Sherman Law, or even defining it effectively, it adds individual restrictions, and that in a half-hearted way. Business men are not so much afraid of regulation as they are of uncertainty. Among the important provisions of the Clayton Bill are: 1. The forbidding of price-fixing as between customers in order to injure a competitor, and the giving of rebates on condition that the purchaser shall not buy from a competitor. 2. The provision that nothing in the bill shall "forbid the existence and operation" of labor unions, fraternal associations, etc.—which may, or may not, be construed to exempt such bodies from the Sherman Law's prohibition as to acts in restraint of trade. 3. The holding companies provision—much modified from the earlier form and now allowing of the holding by the main corporation of stock of subsidiary companies; the prohibition is to apply only when there is real lessening of competition between the holding company and that whose stock is held; while holding stock as investment is now admissible. 4. The interlocking directorates provision, now made to apply chiefly to directors of banks one of which has deposits, capital surplus, and undivided profits of at least $2,500,000, and to directors of railways and railway construction or supplies companies doing business the one with the other. 5. The provision that when a corporation violates this law its directors and officers shall be individually liable to conviction. 6. The regulation of injunctions; this forbids temporary injunctions except in a real need of immediate action, and then for a short term and under close restriction; while other injunctions can only issue after due notice and hearing. 7. Providing jury trials in cases of contempt of court in United States District Courts where the alleged contempt constitutes a criminal offense.

A WEAK-KNEED TRADE COMMISSION

Whatever may be said of the defects in the proposed Anti-Trust Bill above described, it at least does attempt to meet some evils with restriction and punishment. The Inter-State Trade Commission Bill, however, is futile and gets nowhere. Mr. Lafferty, who introduced a substitute for this bill which begins by practically rewriting the whole bill, was not far from right when he said, "The bill does not create a trade commission. It creates merely an investigating committee of three members." The failure of the Bureau of Corporations to accomplish what was expected of it is not to be remedied by building on its ruins a commission which would inherit its lack of power.

It has long been the view of The Outlook that if, in the management of "Big Business," the country is to avoid the tendency to Socialism, on the one hand, and to the rule of the "special interests," on the other, it must do for the great corporations of the country engaged in general commerce what it has done for the railways through the Inter-State Commerce Commission. This was tersely put in the Progressive platform of 1912 in these words: "We urge the establishment of a strong Federal administrative commission of high standing, which shall maintain permanent active supervision over industrial corporations engaged in inter-State commerce, or such of them as are of public importance, doing for them what the Government now does for the National banks, and what is now done for the railroads by the Inter-State Commerce Commission."

The Democratic platform was weak in that it did not recommend this practical and sensible method of regulation. But even the Democratic platform was stronger in its desire to control lawbreaking corporations than one would imagine from the so-called Trade Commission Bill now before Congress. As one looks over the bill, one is surprised to see how much of it is occupied with trivial detail about the summoning of witnesses, the expenses of the Commission, salaries, clerks, the old Bureau of Corporations, and definitions of terms used in the bill. When one comes to the sections dealing with the powers of the Commission, he finds that they are to be exercised, for what we may describe as irritation, investigation, and instigation. The Commission may inquire into the affairs of corporations having a capital of not less than five million dollars, or belonging to any class which the Commission itself may designate. It may send reports of the information thus obtained to Congress annually, using its judgment as to what facts are proper to publish and what not, with the single limitation that trade secrets and private lists of customers must not be included. The Commission may investigate and report as to alleged violations by corporations of the Anti-Trust Act; it may make recommendations to corporations which have been investigated; it may call the attention of the President to any important facts it may learn about unfair competition or wrong practices, so that he may in turn make recommendations to Congress for legislation; it may advise the courts where suits have been brought by the Attorney-General, if the courts ask for the Commission's advice. And this is about all of importance committed to the Commission for its actual work. Nowhere does it have any such powers as those exercised by the Inter-State Commerce Commission. It may do no harm; but it cannot possibly do much good. As an attempt to deal with the evils of wrong-doing corporations, and to discriminate between the large corporation which is obeying the law and following the principles of fair trade and fair competition and the large corporation which is evading the law and is guilty of unfair trade practices, the present bill is worthless.

MR. ROOSEVELT ON THE COLOMBIAN TREATY AND THE PANAMA TOLLS QUESTION

It was to be expected that Mr. Roosevelt would at the first opportunity speak strongly and clearly about two important pending questions—the proposal to pay Colombia $25,000,000 for her alleged losses in connection with the Panama Canal, and the proposal to repeal the exemption of Panama Canal tolls on our coastwise trade. In an interview at Pará, Brazil, with Mr. John D. Pratt, representing the New York "American," Mr. Roosevelt repeated substantially views already expressed by him in The Outlook, but with forceful additions.

The Outlook recently commented with unqualified disapproval on the proposal as to Colombia—assuming that the accounts of the treaty, which has been signed, and presumably will come before the United States Senate and the Congress of Colombia, were correct. Since that comment what is stated to be the text of the treaty has been published in full; and it confirms the belief that the payment of $25,000,000 would be without any *quid pro quo* from Colombia; while it also expresses on the part of the United States, but not on the part of Colombia, " sincere regret that anything should have occurred to interrupt or mar the relations of cordial friendship "—a phrase which a Spanish scholar (writing to the New York " Evening Post," and quoting the original Spanish text) declares would be more correctly rendered " expresses sincere regret for anything that may have occurred calculated to interrupt," etc., etc. The latter translation, although the difference is a verbal one, materially increases the apologetic tone of our Government.

Upon this extraordinary treaty Mr. Roosevelt comments, as quoted in the interview:

> I cannot believe Mr. Wilson has so far forgotten the dictates of honor and his duty as a citizen to consent to pay $25,000,000 or any other sum to Colombia. Such a payment would be nothing but blackmail.
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> Whether it is done in a spirit of mean timidity or an equally mean spirit of trying to discredit his predecessor in office, it would be precisely as dishonorable as for a future President to pay the heirs of Huerta $25,000,000 as solace to their feelings because we occupied Vera Cruz.
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> Colombia agreed to let us build the Canal on the payment of $10,000,000. Later she tried to blackmail the United States when she thought France would give $25,000,000. Panama rose in revolt, insisting that the American agreement stand.
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> Not one dollar can be paid to Colombia with propriety, and it would be an act of infamy to pay even a dollar to a nation which, in crooked greed, tried by desperate blackmail to smirch the good fame of America. Such a payment

would be an act unworthy of any honorable man in the great office of President.

As regards the repeal of Panama tolls exemption on our coastwise trade, Mr. Roosevelt's position on the desirability of submitting the question to arbitration is expressed in these words:

> We must never make promises we don't keep. But to submit our cause to arbitration when we believe it just is one thing, and to abandon it in advance of arbitration is a totally different thing.

While Mr. Roosevelt is not only willing, but anxious, to keep our promise to arbitrate the interpretation of treaties, he is equally clear that the Panama exemption clause should not be repealed, and holds that beyond question we have both legal and moral right to exempt our coastwise traffic from tolls. This is the exact view expressed by Mr. Roosevelt in a letter to the Editor of The Outlook published in its issue of January 18, 1913.

Mr. Roosevelt is not inclined to minimize the importance of the change of face made by the Democratic party on this question; he points out that when the Progressive platform promised to repeal the tolls it was part of a covenant with the people and was regarded as a solemn obligation; while the Democratic utterance to the same effect, in view of what has since happened, "was put in either with the knowledge that what it promised was false, or with the determination to disavow it when once it had served its purpose of deceiving the voters."

Furthermore, he declares that repeal by Congress is not now asked for on the ground that justice demands it, but "is asked on the ground that to take this action would help us in carrying out the feeble, timid, involved course of conduct that for over a year has masqueraded as the foreign policy of the American Government."

The position taken by The Outlook in this matter differs from that of Mr. Roosevelt. It is, in brief, that, while a strong case can be made for our right under the treaty to exempt our own coastwise vessels from tolls, opinion even in this country is not unanimous as to that right, while opinion abroad is very strong against it; that it would be perfectly proper and right to submit the question to arbitration if it were worth while, but that there are cases where it is better to yield a claim of right than to dispute over it, if it does not involve the Nation's honor or seem to be of real vital National importance; and that the question of imposing or not imposing tolls upon our coastwise vessels comes under the class of claims which it is better to yield magnanimously (accompanying the yielding, however, with a plain declaration that the right exists) rather than to make it the basis of an international lawsuit.

AGITATION AND OPPRESSION

Another New York church, the Calvary Baptist, has been invaded for the purpose of social agitation. This church was selected because it is the one attended by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The disorder was begun by Bouck White, a Socialistic clergyman who is head of the Church of the Social Revolution. During the time set for the reading of announcements on Sunday, May 10, Mr. White attempted to interrupt the service by questioning the officiating minister as to capitalistic responsibility for the Colorado war.

"I have come here, Doctor, as I said," he is reported as addressing the pastor, Dr. Woelfkin, "and, if you will let me speak, I can say a word of truth. I am a pastor of a neighboring church, and can speak a word of truth to the people of this church." Dr. Woelfkin replied, "No, no. This is neither the time nor the place; you are interrupting our service." Before White could proceed ushers caught him and started to remove him from the church. Bracing his feet against the pews, he fought every effort to effect his removal. One of his supporters was also roughly handled. While Mr. White was being dragged along the aisle a sympathizer arose to protest. According to the New York "Sun," "six men grabbed him and carried him up the aisle to the church door. There the six gave him a swing into the asphalted street. His nose struck first, and he skidded several feet on his face."

What happened in the street when the instigators of this nuisance were turned over to the police has been graphically described by a reporter of this same paper. In quoting and commenting upon this news account, the "Sun" voices an editorial protest against both the brutality of the police and the methods of agitation employed by Bouck White and his associates. This protest from the "Sun," with which The Outlook finds itself in general agreement, is (particularly as to the conduct of the police) doubly effective because of the source from which it comes. The "Sun" has little sympathy for physical disorder, and has been more than a little inclined to suggest the use of the police force and policemen's "billies" as the sole and proper cure for social agitators of all shades and complexions. The "Sun" says editorially:

> The men who raided the Calvary Baptist Church on Sunday and interrupted the services were absolutely in the wrong. Neither excuse nor palliation for their conduct can be conceived of. It was perfectly right to eject them forcibly, and for whatever damage resulted incidentally, whether in the way of scratches and bumps or of torn raiment, they deserve no sympathy whatever.
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> But there was and could be no excuse or palliation for the police in singling out one man in the street, outside the church and after the interruption of the service had been quelled, and inflicting upon him a savage clubbing. According to the news accounts, half a dozen policemen surrounded this one man, Lopez, the Portuguese, and "beat him fearfully." Here is the detailed description:
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> "A police billy came crunching against the bones of Lopez's legs. It struck as hard as a man could swing it eight times. A fist planted on Lopez's jaw knocked out two teeth. His lip was torn open. A blow in the eye made it swell and blacken instantly. Ephraim tried to help his companion, and was pretty badly beaten too. A minute later Lopez was leaning against the church with blood running to the door sill."
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> That the disturbers of the church deserve the greatest penalty that the law allows no sane man will dispute. But not even the courts have the power of inflicting corporal chastisement. The police are justified in defending themselves when attacked. They are justified in putting down armed or rampant violence with any degree of force that may be necessary. But they are no more justified in clubbing an unarmed man for being noisy or even for struggling with them than they would be in setting fire to a house to prevent gambling in it.

The Outlook had hoped, after the second Union Square meeting, which was reported in our issue of April 25, that Commissioner Woods had succeeded in instilling into the minds of his subordinates a proper respect for the very laws they are sworn to enforce. We wish, for the sake of the Church in general, that the officers of the Calvary Baptist Church could have found some other efficient way of dealing with an unjustifiable invasion of its rights than the resort to physical force.

THE SOCIALIST VICTORY IN FRANCE

In France a candidate for the Lower House of Parliament, the Chamber of Deputies, can be elected on the first ballot only if he secures an absolute majority of votes—that is, more votes than all his competitors put together. If this result is not obtained, a second ballot takes place a fortnight after the first. At this second balloting the candidate who gets more votes than any one of his competitors is elected.

A second balloting occurred last week. Out of the more than six hundred seats in the Chamber of Deputies elections had to be held for over two hundred and fifty constituencies where candidates had failed to obtain the necessary majorities at the first voting. As universal male suffrage of the widest scope obtains in France, the result was awaited with keen interest. It turned out to be a decisive victory for the so-called "Unified Socialists." In France the Socialists are split up into the Unified or extreme Socialists, and the Republican or not so extreme. In like manner, the Radicals are split into the United and the independent or Republican Radicals. The Liberals are also split into Progressives and so-called National Liberals, and the Conservatives into Republicans and Royalists.

The last named played a remarkable rôle in the second ballotings. Wherever it was shown that the Royalists had no chance for their own candidates they voted for the extreme Socialists. This was because by the election of these people the Royalists wanted to commit the Republic to such extremes in the attempt to discredit a genuinely republican government as to drive the people to the re-establishment of a monarchy. The Socialist success, however, was due far more to their own adequate organization and to their well-defined programme. They will have one hundred and two seats in the new Chamber of Deputies, and thus will have practically the proportionate rank of the German Socialists in the Reichstag.

On the face of the returns the new Chamber of Deputies will have some definite political complexion. The returns apparently show a majority in favor of a three years' military service, and also in favor of proportional representation. On the third fundamental issue, however—namely, the income tax—the Chamber seems about equally divided.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN SICILY

A little over six years have elapsed since the destruction of Messina, and now Etna, of many victims, again claims its toll of human life. The latest earthquake occurred on the evening of May 8. Volcanoes, after each new disaster, seem almost to have been actuated by a treacherous and malignant intelligence. About the base of each rich fields, whose fertility is evidence of destructive eruptions in the past, supply the bait which draws human beings like flies irresistibly towards its mountainous jaws. The sense of security which comes from familiarity and long-continued peace begets a confidence and trust unwarranted and always ultimately betrayed.

In this last Sicilian disaster the number of the dead is placed at 182, with about 350 injured. This report, however, was made before a large portion of the territory devastated by earthquake had been inspected. A despatch to the New York "Times" says:

> The affected zone extends from Zaffarana, the highest village on Mount Etna, to the sea between Acireale on the south and Giarre on the north. It includes Linera, the center of the disturbance, Pisano, and Santa Venerina.
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> In Linera alone 110 persons were killed and 300 injured; in the village of Bongiardo 13 dead and 27 injured have been taken from the ruins. At Cosentini 16 were killed and many injured. These villages and many smaller places were practically leveled. At Passopomo 12 persons were killed; at Malati, 12; at Santa Venerina, 6; at Santa Tecla, 2; at Santa Maria Vergine, 8; and at Garbati, 4. . . .
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> Where Linera stood is a mass of ruins. Those houses which did not collapse entirely were so broken as to emphasize the completeness of the disaster. The village consisted of about 800 inhabitants. A majority of the people escaped because the shock occurred when the men and some of the women were still working in the fields. From the vineyards they saw their houses falling like a pack of cards, and when they arrived, breathless, at their homes, they found only wreckage with some of their people buried beneath it.

Shocks had been felt for several days previous to the final destructive earthquake. Little attention, however, had been paid to these warnings. The area of the zone affected was thickly populated by some 10,000 people living in a number of small villages. Professor Rico, of the Mount Etna Observatory, says in a despatch to the "Sun" that the earthquake was essentially volcanic and of equal intensity with the one which destroyed Messina. The Red Cross and the Italian Government have taken active measures for the relief of the sufferers.

A NEW KIND OF INTERCOLLEGIATE MEET

On Saturday, May 9, there was an important intercollegiate contest. It was announced as a "meet." It took place in New York City, but the New York newspapers the next day gave no account of it; at least, if any newspaper account appeared, it escaped our scrutiny. The sporting pages recorded the victory of the Columbia crew and track team, the Pennsylvania nine, the Dartmouth nine and tennis team, and the Harvard nine, and the defeat of the Harvard track team; but no page recorded the outcome of the meet between the Columbia, Pennsylvania, Dartmouth, and Harvard Glee Clubs.

This meet was held in the evening at Carnegie Hall. It was the first of its kind. The song contest is an ancient institution, and it flourishes among the Germans and the Welsh to-day; but it has not until this year, so far as we know, become an American intercollegiate event.

After two organ pieces performed by Dr. Davison, organist of Appleton Chapel at Harvard, the first contesting club marched on the stage and grouped themselves in a double curved line, with their leader in front near one end. The red and blue bands across their shirt fronts proclaimed them the representatives of the University of Pennsylvania. They sang their song, "Some Reckon Time by the Stars," by Rogers, and marched off to the accompaniment of applause. They were at once followed by the Columbia Glee Club, distinguished by light-blue bands of ribbon, who sang "Sailing," another composition by Rogers. They, in turn, were followed by the green-banded men from Dartmouth, who sang Foote's "Bedouin Song." The last of the four clubs to appear, the Harvard Glee Club, marked with bands of crimson, sang Buck's spirited part song "At Sea." This ended the first section. Comic relief was afforded by Mr. Morgan, of Columbia, in the performance of an original monologue. The second section consisted of college songs: Columbia's "Sans Souci," Dartmouth's medley, Pennsylvania's "Red and Blue," and Harvard's football songs. The next two numbers on the programme were outside the contest—a fine performance of Rogers's "Bedouin Song" by the University Glee Club of New York, which was encored, and a very musicianly violin solo by Mr. Griffith, of Dartmouth. A special word of praise should be recorded for the Dartmouth club's accompanist, who shared with Mr. Griffith the credit for this performance of Wilhelmj's transcription of the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger." As an encore these two Dartmouth men played Beethoven's familiar Minuet in G.

The last section in the contest consisted of the Russian composer Borodin's "Serenade," sung by the Harvard Glee Club; "A Hongkong Romance," by Hadley, sung by the Dartmouth Club; Messager's "Long Ago in Alcala," by the Pennsylvania Glee Club; and "Swing Along," by the Negro composer Will Marion Cook, sung by the Glee Club of Columbia. While the University Glee Club of New York sang one of Sullivan's part songs the judges—Mr. Arthur Mees, Professor Horatio Parker, and Mr. A. D. Woodruff—conferred. The clubs then all assembled on the stage, and the prizes, a library of choral music presented by Mr. Rudolph E. Schirmer and a baton, were awarded by unanimous vote to the Harvard Glee Club. The defeated clubs cheered the winner, and then all four, supplemented by the University Glee Club, sang, to organ accompaniment, Bullard's stirring "Stein Song."

In the mind of any listener there could be no doubt as to the justice of the verdict. The Pennsylvania Club constituted a lusty body of voices, but lacked fine quality of tone and finish of performance. The Columbia Club seemed at times unbalanced, but gave a good account of themselves in Cook's "Swing Along," and by that one performance probably earned the honorable mention they received from the judges. The Dartmouth Club was more evenly good than either of these two other clubs, and by the spirit of its singing gave the impression that there is at Dartmouth a distinctly musical atmosphere. The performances of the Harvard men were uniformly high.

An intercollegiate meet of this kind ought to be an annual event.

MAY DAY AT BRYN MAWR

The beautiful May Day festival, an event now regularly expected at Bryn Mawr College once every four years, was held for the fourth time on the afternoon of May 9. Bryn Mawr, despite threatening clouds and a preceding heavy shower, was at that moment of perfect spring when dogwood and Japanese cherry are white and pink and the full leaves on maple trees and vine-covered stone buildings have not yet lost the delicacy of their green. The devoted work of the whole winter, to which the students willingly sacrifice almost all their usual "shows," was justified by the finish which it had given to everything they undertook, from the acting and dancing to the details of costume and management. Thousands of spectators, themselves unconsciously decorative in this season's charming blues and reds, thronged over the long green slopes and stood in dense semicircles watching the plays and dances: proud parents, among them the cordially applauded Mr. Taft, relatives, friends, alumnæ, and numerous future members of the student body. No one could see all that was offered, not even by the utmost activity in getting about the grounds; but it is safe to say that no one came away without getting his fill of the color, zest, and romance of sixteenth-century art and twentieth-century youth.

May Day begins with the pageant, a procession of all the participants—that is, the whole five hundred students and a group of alumnæ, with several bands of musicians. Besides marshals, heralds, and the personages of the seven old English plays to be given each three times during the afternoon—some mounted, some afoot, and others riding in great hay-wagons—there were the nine worthies on horseback, milkmaids with their cows, shepherdesses with their lambs, chimney-sweeps, May-pole dancers, and a crowd of May Day revelers. After setting up the big May-pole in the midst of a great level green on which four lesser ones already stood, the multitude broke loose among them, singing; many danced round the May-poles, the rest bounded over the grass in sheer joy of existence. Then the players dispersed to their respective theaters—various cunningly selected and contrived spots that lent themselves to the uses of the stage; the most were hollows and greenswards. "Noah's Flood," the Chester mystery play, was given on the library steps, the safety of the ark being reached on the roof of the porch by a temporary stair; Lyly's "Campaspe," played in the cloister, had as background the leafy wall of the library, and in its foreground the cloister fountain.

No one of the plays was more popular than "Robin Hood," to which the constant rustle of leaves, flash of sunlight, and singing of birds gave a reality that singularly enhanced its romance. Every one tried to see some of the scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with its irresistible appeal of tiny children as Titania's attendants; and most of the audience would not be content without witnessing either the "Revesby Sword Play" or the "Play of St. George," the milkmaids' dance or the dance of the chimney-sweeps—all four very short—and at least part of that "pleasant conceited comedy" "The Old Wives Tale" of George Peele. How did any one find time to sit down to tea on either one of the three greenswards where tea was provided? Pictures of scenes from two of the plays appear on another page.

May Day was originally conceived as a means of raising money for a Students' Building; but of late that need seems to the students less pressing. This year, at any rate, the proceeds will be given to the slow-growing endowment fund of the college, except for $1,000, which is promised to the Wellesley College fire loss fund.

NORDICA

Wherever opera flourishes the name of Lillian Nordica, the American prima donna who died in Java last week, is known. Her reputation was deserved. The native beauty of her voice was enhanced by her knowledge of the art of singing. For years she had been recognized as one of the great sopranos of the world.

Mme. Nordica's death from pneumonia followed an accident to a steamer on which she and a company of singers in the course of a world's tour were passengers. She was born in 1859 in Farmington, Maine. Her family name was Norton. It is said that she adopted the name Nordica because some of her relatives strongly objected to having the name Norton associated with the operatic stage. Her first serious training as a singer she received at the New England Conservatory in Boston. Afterwards she studied at Milan. Her instruction in the fine Italian traditions of voice production stood her in good stead when later she undertook the exhausting rôles of Wagnerian music-dramas. Her début as an opera singer occurred at Brescia, Italy. Her first appearance in opera in America was at the Academy of Music in New York City in 1883. She was then known as Mme. Norton-Gower.

Her greatest triumphs were achieved in Wagnerian parts. Her impersonation of Brünnhilde was second only to Lilli Lehmann's. W. J. Henderson, in his book on "The Art of the Singer," has well said that Wagner would have given much if he could have found a Nordica to make known his Isolde. The chief reason for her success in Wagner opera was the fact that she proved that Wagner's music-dramas were most effective when the singer did not abandon all effort for beauty of musical tone, but really sang.

Few Americans have acquired any distinction as creative musicians; not a single American has reached the front rank of composers. But in the front rank of interpretative musicians there are many Americans, and among these must be counted Lillian Nordica. Opera may not be among the highest of the fine arts; but it is one of the accompaniments of modern civilized society and in its best form calls for the exercise of high artistic qualities. Such distinction as this Maine woman achieved redounds to the credit of her native country.

MUSEUMS AND THE BLIND

It is interesting to learn about the chance now open to blind people at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. A recent endowment provides an income which enables the Museum to supply transportation for the blind and their guides to and from the Museum, to give illustrated lectures at the Museum to the blind, and even to send loan collections to schools for the blind in the vicinity of New York. The subjects of these lectures are natural history, ethnology, and archæology.

For instance, one on ancient Peru consisted partly of readings from Prescott's "Conquest of Peru." The audience was interested to learn that the historian himself was blind when he wrote this work. Among the objects illustrating the lecture were examples of Peruvian pottery, reproduced later in clay by one of the blind girls.

Another talk had as its theme "Meadow Mice." A mounted specimen of a meadow mouse was passed from hand to hand, and the details of its appearance, size, teeth, and likeness to other rodents explained; also the proclivity of the meadow mouse to destroy farmers' crops. The creatures that prey upon the mouse—the hawk, owl, cat, skunk, weasel, and snake—were also exhibited.

Instructors meet blind visitors at the Museum and show them specimens. The comments of the visitors are sometimes amusing. One young woman, "seeing" a hippopotamus, called out, "My! Annie, just come here! This is the *homeliest* beast you ever saw!"

Things "seen" at the Museum are then made the subjects of compositions. A couple of excerpts are worth quoting:

"Would you like to know what an idea the camel impressed upon my mind? His head is small in proportion to the rest of its body, his legs are long and its feet are flat so that he can walk over the sand without sinking."

"The hippopotamus is a very short fat animal. He has a big fat head and tiny little ears on the top of his head. His eyes are very small and are on the upper part of his head so he can stick his head out of the water and see what is going on. . . . His mouth is very big. It is like a half-circle. The corners of his mouth turn up and almost meet his eyes and make you think he is laughing."

To any one a visit to the American Museum of Natural History means much more than just so much specific instruction and new knowledge; it means a change of environment. If this is true with most of us, it is particularly and pathetically true of the blind.

AN INTERESTING MEMORIAL

We are very glad to give place to the following letter received from Mrs. Susan H. Hooker:

My dear Outlook:

May I hope to interest your readers, many of whom are friends and admirers of Harriet Beecher Stowe, in a Stowe memorial window in the little town of Mandarin, Florida, which she has so graphically described in "Palmetto Leaves," and where she and Professor Stowe passed so many happy winters? Her house, built on a bluff overlooking the St. Johns River, where the cypress knees keep the land from slipping away, was crowded out by the wonderful live-oak around which it was built; but the little Church of Our Saviour, formed from the congregation who gathered for Professor Stowe's Bible readings, and which she helped to build, is still standing. At her request the large front window was reserved for a Stowe memorial; but it has never materialized, although all of the other windows have been dedicated to departed friends. It seems fitting that this tribute should be paid in this place that she loved so well and where so many pilgrims came to worship at her shrine. The people of Mandarin are trying to raise money for this purpose; but this is a mission church, and they are too poor to do it unless some of Mrs. Stowe's Northern friends will help them. The colored people whom she taught to read and write are also collecting their contribution to this fund.

A committee has been formed, and as soon as a sufficient sum has been raised for an adequate memorial they will see that such a memorial is prepared. Any contribution will be gratefully received, and may be sent to either Mrs. Norman Merry, Mandarin, Florida, or Mrs. Susan H. Hooker, Trustee, 15 Carthage Road, Rochester, New York.

Few books published in the English language have exercised a greater influence on their author's time and contemporaries than Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Sufficient time has now elapsed since the rancors and animosities of the Civil War to permit Southerners to join with Northerners in recognizing Mrs. Stowe as a distinguished and honorable figure in the history of American literature. An ecclesiastical memorial window in the Florida town in which Mrs. Stowe lived so long and which she loved so well would surely be a most appropriate recognition of her undoubted genius.

THE 1916 OLYMPIAD

Active preparations for the 1916 Olympic Games, to be held in Berlin, are now well under way. In the United States, Great Britain, Germany, Sweden, Australia, Denmark, Norway, to name some of the countries most prominent in athletics, plans are fast being formulated.

In Germany, for instance, a complete plan has already been adopted and is now being worked out in detail. A few months ago the German Olympic Committee, backed enthusiastically by the Imperial Government, sent Carl Diem, Secretary-General of the 1916 Olympic Games, at the head of a commission to this country to make a detailed inquiry into the reasons for our success in athletic contests. Acting on his suggestion, they have engaged the great athlete Kraenzlein as head of the German movement to prepare for the coming Olympiad. He has now permanently taken up his work at the Grunewald Stadium, recently opened during the Kaiser's jubilee celebrations, and, following the method adopted in Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, during the past winter has been hard at work training trainers. Germany in the past has not only been lacking in talent already discovered, but has not had men who had the ability to discover it. These trained trainers are now engaged in selecting men to be trained for 1916. During April and May preliminary contests were held, and in June each German center will send the successful participants to compete against each other at Berlin.

Sweden, Norway, and Denmark are also already engaged in doing somewhat similar work, but Great Britain has been lagging because of the failure of the appeal for funds made some time ago by the British Olympic Council and the wrangling which has recently gone on among its members. Australia is proceeding on a greater scale than ever before, and the Australasian Olympic Committee, consisting of delegates from both Australia and New Zealand, hopes to collect at least $50,000 to send no less than fifty athletes whom they consider have a winning chance.

THE LITTLE COUNTRY THEATER

This year there has been opened at the Agricultural College in Fargo, North Dakota, the Little Country Theater, designed and perhaps destined to become a laboratory of modern drama. In this simple auditorium, which seats two hundred people, are given one-act plays and scenes from longer compositions whose setting is not too complex for reproduction in school-houses, church basements, and the living-rooms of farm homes throughout the countryside. The population of North Dakota has a large percentage of foreigners, and it is the purpose of the Little Country Theater to select plays of a strong national flavor—plays which shall contrast the social and political life of many countries.

Even if the Little Country Theater fails to develop any great artists, its reason for being lies deep in community needs, and the enterprise must command our respect and interest. Here students and neighbors meet together to do an interesting thing, and people who do an interesting thing together usually become friends. It would be a bigger accomplishment to make a real neighborhood out of a countryside than to produce the great American play.

The theater is situated on the second floor of the Administration Building of the Agricultural College, and, in the words of Mr. A. G. Arvold, its originator, "it is a large playhouse put under a reducing glass." Its stage is thirty feet wide and twenty deep, and its simple settings can be put together by the saw and hammer of an amateur.

The largest purpose which the Little Theater has in mind is that of bringing the Agricultural College into relationship with the rural districts of the State, making them feel the hand of their college outstretched, not in the spirit of the pedagogue and the critic, but in that of the playfellow and the comrade. Its tendency will be to habituate to community work and democratic friendships the students who take part in the plays and who go out into the neighborhood to train other amateurs to give the dramas which have been successful at the Little Country Theater.

OPIUM IN THE PHILIPPINES

Opium reform in the Philippines began as far back as 1843. The Spanish Government, alarmed by the spread of the opium habit, began to farm out the opium monopoly by restricting the use of opium to the Chinese exclusively. Of course the temptation of the owner of the opium privilege was to sell all the opium he could, and, although its use was by law confined to the Chinese, an increasing number of natives contracted the habit.

In 1898, directly after our occupation of the islands, the opium "monopoly" was abolished as not being in line with American traditions. Shortly afterwards a committee, with Bishop Brent at its head, was appointed to visit the countries where opium was grown to investigate conditions. The committee's report resulted in two important measures.

The first was the Act of Congress of 1905. It empowered the Philippine Government to adopt any measures required to suppress the opium evil, and provided that after March 1, 1908, it should be unlawful for any persons or corporations to import into the islands opium in any form. The Government is, however, permitted to import opium for medicinal purposes.

The second measure was the passage of an act by the Philippine Commission in 1908 by which only adult male persons not natives of the islands were permitted to use opium; and then only conditionally upon taking out a certificate. At that time about two-fifths of the number of opium-users had quit the habit, and a large percentage of the remainder had become moderate users.

To-day the Insular Bureau of the War Department reports that the opium problem as a problem has practically been eliminated. The Chief of Police of Manila declares that every opium joint in the city has been put out of business, and says that it is now harder to buy or use opium in Manila than in any city of the United States having a considerable Chinese population.

To accomplish such a result as this in a comparatively few years is an earnest of what American civilization may do in many a direction, and an indication that democracy is not a failure in administering outlying possessions.

ATHLETICS AND RELIGION

A distinguished student of diplomacy and international relations said to a friend who was commenting on the policy of England in assuming responsibilities at the ends of the earth that those very responsibilities had exercised an immense influence at home in raising the tone of English politics and in educating English public men to take large views of affairs. It often happens that a man's position is radically changed when he looks at his work from a distance and sees it in perspective. Race animosity, sectional ill feeling, and the distrust of one part of the country for another vanish when people of the different parts meet, and the men of one race mingle with the men of another race with open minds.

This is precisely what is happening to the attitude of churches when they face the non-Christian world. There are, of course, exceptions; some men are so hopelessly narrow that even semi-savage conditions like those which prevail in Central Africa cannot make them feel that Christianity is more important than ecclesiasticism, and that to save a society which is perishing for lack of spiritual impulse and knowledge is a more pressing need than to enforce certain views of Church discipline. Not only do non-essentials fall away and essentials define themselves with startling distinctness when every ounce of power must be put into motion and every sacrifice made to save men from moral degradation, but under the pressure of need and danger the conception of religion is unconsciously broadened and capacity for adaptation without sacrifice of principle rapidly developed.

Modern conditions reacting on the Christian Church in a hundred ways have compelled an immense broadening of Christian activities without diminishing the place which devotion and worship hold in the life of the Church. Its activities are being extended over an immensely widened area; and the ancient and mischievous heresy of a distinction between the secular and religious has become a faint and disappearing line. Either all of life belongs to God or none of it belongs to him. Christians to-day are not willing to concede to the power of evil immense tracts which were formerly supposed to belong to that power. Religion becomes more and more a matter of immediate helpfulness, of a large and wholesome view of life. The conceptions of the body as the enemy of the soul, of matter as in itself an evil thing, of the normal physical life as something to be checked and thwarted, which have introduced so much unreality into Christian experience, are disappearing like the morning mist. To be a well man or woman is the first step towards being a religious man or woman, as it is the first step towards being a useful man or woman. The world becomes impatient of physical weakness, not through lack of sympathy, but because it has discovered that in the vast majority of cases physical weakness is a kind of voluntary servitude. In a redeemed world the body must be redeemed as well as the mind. This wider and nobler view of what religion was sent into the world to accomplish and the broadening of vision and method in missionary work are strikingly suggested by a recent correspondence between the President of the Far Eastern Athletic Association in Shanghai, China, and Bishop Brent, who, in addition to his episcopal duties, is President of the Philippine Amateur Athletic Federation. Dr. Wu Ting-fang writes that the athletic associations will mean much to the Far East, and expresses the hope that they will never know the evils of athletic professionalism. "In China," he says, "we have not reached this problem yet, . . . but we hope to build up such useful organizations in schools and colleges."

In his reply Bishop Brent says that the development of the play spirit along healthy lines is beginning to attract the attention that it merits. "It forms," he says, "the major part of a child's life; it is an important and integral factor in its education." What baseball and other corporate sports can do for a people like the Filipinos is already manifest. "It is not too much to say that clean sport is the most deadly enemy that cock-fighting has yet had to meet, and that it will probably administer its death blow.' . . . 'All through life I feel that the play spirit," writes the Bishop, "wholesomely exercised, helps to make a serious man more sane in the fulfillment of his responsibilities, and healthy in his outlook. Of course," he adds, "sport, like anything else, needs the protection of eternal vigilance against attempts to prostitute it." And Bishop Brent has more than once expressed his opinion that clean sport is one of the most valuable factors in the Philippines for the building up of the coming generation in the islands, both in physique and in morals. A modern playground has been given for the children in Manila, and one for the Moros, both by Americans. "Properly used," writes the Bishop, "they are as valuable as the desk and the blackboard."

Throughout the East the Young Men's Christian Association has become a disperser of light and health. Everywhere it is a leader in wholesome progress, and everywhere it finds access, especially to students, through its wise use of athletics, its sane direction of the play impulse and spirit in young men. The emphasis of Christian endeavor to-day is on present rather than future redemption, and its approach to the spirit is more and more through the body.

A SOUTHERN DISCUSSION OF THE NEGRO PROBLEM

Two of the many interesting papers read at the Louisville Educational and Social Conference, already reported in these pages, dealt with the land question in the Southern States. Both papers were read by citizens of Clemson College, South Carolina, which is the seat of Clemson Agricultural College. The writers of these papers did not discuss fertility, crop rotation, and diversification, or other agricultural aspects of the development of land values in the South. They were concerned with the sociology of land. One of them, the Rev. W. H. Mills, made it clear that the land question is a social question; the other, Professor W. W. Long, pointed out that it is a racial question. As a matter of fact, it is both social and racial in a sense which it is difficult for the average Northern man to comprehend.

During the period before the Civil War the agricultural lands of the Southern States were owned in large plantations. There was then in the South as distinctly a landowning aristocracy as there is in England to-day. The "poor whites" were tenants. With the abolition of slavery, the Negro became a factor in the land question, first as a tenant and second as a landowner.

The Rev. Mr. Mills argued that history, social science, and the ethics of religion all point to the wisdom of enabling every man, so far as it is possible to do so, to own his homestead or his farm. He advocated a nation of home-owners as opposed to a nation of great landlords and small tenants. The world is watching a similar struggle in Great Britain to-day, but, fortunately, in Great Britain the land problem is not complicated with the race problem.

What this complication is in the Southern States was lucidly, dispassionately, and frankly set forth by Professor Long.

He began his paper with the following proposition:

> We must make the Negro a better farmer, not, if you please, because humanitarian principles demand it of us, but in order to protect and benefit ourselves and our children.
>
> If making the Negro a better farmer is going to mean educating him, let us educate him. If it means renting our lands to him for a term of years, let us rent him our lands for a term of years. If it means giving him cheaper money, and not endeavoring to squeeze out of him usuriously every dollar that we can, let us give him cheaper money. If it means treating the Negro fairly and honestly, let us be fair and honest with him. And since I believe that making the Negro a better farmer will require these four changes of attitude on the part of our people, I shall limit myself to discussing these four things in the order in which I have named them, which I believe to be the logical order of the Negro farmer's betterment at the hands of our white people.

When it is remembered that Professor Long is a native of North Carolina and is the descendant of slave-owners, the foregoing statement is especially significant and goes a long way to confirm what has often been said in these pages, namely, that the final solution of the Negro problem will be found in the South and not in the North. It will also be observed that Professor Long speaks of "renting our lands to him [the Negro] for a term of years," not of selling land to him. He goes on to explain that he is opposed to Negro ownership of land. The ownership of land, he believes, is the surest step to social equality. Social equality will lead to amalgamation, and amalgamation will lead to race depreciation. Professor Long recognizes that he may be considered "hopelessly inconsistent" when he pleads, on the one hand, for education of the Negro and opposes, on the other, the acquisition of land by the Negro. He admits that it will be argued "that it is impossible to make first-class tenant-farmers of the Negroes without inspiring them with a desire to own land, causing them ultimately to demand that land be sold to them." But he attempts to answer this argument by pointing to England, where for a thousand years "the sturdy, intelligent British yeomanry" were contented to rent the land. He believes that if the Negro is made now a contented tenant-farmer the question of ownership may be left to the future. He pleads, therefore, that the white man of the South should make the conditions of tenant-farming for the Negro generous and advantageous in every way.

We comment upon this address, not because we think Professor Long has solved the problem, but because the spirit in which he approaches it is so intelligent and commendable, and so representative of the best spirit of the South. We share with him, as we believe the best men of both races do, his fear of race amalgamation. But his method of prevention—namely, the discouragement of Negro landownership by the promotion of Negro land-tenantry—is shown to be ineffective by the figures which he himself gives:

> In the State of Virginia in 1910 sixty-seven per cent of the Negro farmers owned their own lands, the increase in Negro ownership being twenty-one per cent from 1900 to 1910. In the twenty-four tide-water counties of Virginia Negro land-holdings have increased in fifty years from about 5,000 acres to 421,465 acres. The total acreage of lands in Virginia owned by Negroes in 1910 was 1,629,626; in Arkansas, of 215,000 farmers, 64,000 were Negroes, and of these 64,000 about 16,000 owned their own farms. The percentages for other States may be even higher, and in some cases probably are.

Incidentally these statistics throw light upon the extraordinary material progress which the Southern Negro has made in the last half-century.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

Is there a grand and glorious world where God's children will dwell forever with him?

Better than I can express my faith myself John G. Whittier has expressed it in the following lines:

"I know not where His islands lift
  Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
  Beyond His love and care."

I do not suppose that a grub in the water could form any conception of the winged insect which it will become in the air, or a bird in the shell any conception of what its life will be as a bird on the wing. As little can I form any conception of what my life will be when I escape from the prison home of the body; all I can know is that I shall be satisfied, and more than satisfied. The spiritual aspirations which we possess on the earth are not given us to be disappointed. But when the reality comes it will be something which eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive it.

It is difficult for me to understand your statement in your "Reminiscences" that "the future is not in all its details predetermined by God, . . . and as it is not predetermined so neither is it foreknown." How can a being be the First Cause, responsible for all phenomena, and yet be unable to foresee the ultimate effect of what he has created?

I do not believe that God is responsible for all phenomena. I do not think he is responsible for the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, for the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. He has chosen to make a world of free moral agents, to equip them with power, and then to leave them free to use that power, rightly or wrongly, as they choose. For the wrong use of those powers they are responsible, not he. If the net result of his creation were evil, for that he would be responsible. If the net result of the struggle between good and evil in man is the creation of men equipped with a strength and a responsibility which they could not possess if they had not also possessed true liberty of choice, then we may well be thankful for the strength of his faith in the ultimate result, and the strength of his patience in enduring all the evils incident to the attainment of that result.

How do you account for the silence of the Old Testament writers on the doctrine of the immortality of the soul? There seems little doubt that this doctrine extends far back in history—perhaps further back than the Bible chronicles the world's existence—the rock-cut Temples of Elephanta, the Palace of the Yellow King, and a rational interpretation of symbols still found upon these ancient ruins, would indicate that this sublime "truth" was taught on both the Eastern and Western Hemispheres perhaps six or seven thousand years ago. Again, this doctrine seems to have been the foundation of the religion of the Parsees, the ancient Bactrian Iranians, as contained in their sealed book, the Zendavesta, dating back many years before Christ.

The doctrine of immortality of pagan nations was largely a materialistic doctrine. Sometimes the doctrine was identified with a resurrection of the body, which was very carefully preserved in order to be ready for such resurrection; sometimes it was connected with a doctrine of the transmigration of souls—that is, that the soul of the deceased was transported to the body of the new-born babe, and so began life over again, or, as a penalty for its sins, was transported into an animal and lived an animal existence. The doctrine of immortality which Jesus Christ brought to light was very different. It was expressed in his saying, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." It was a part of his spiritual teaching that the soul or spirit of man is the real man and the body is only the tenement which he occupies. The Old Testament, in discarding the materialistic theories of immortality in pagan nations, prepared the way for the spiritual doctrine of immortality which Jesus Christ gave to the world.

From your letters to Unknown Friends I have gathered that you regard Christ as God—the everlasting Father. I believe the Bible teaches that also, but then what am I to think of the prayers of Jesus? To whom did he pray?

Most of the disputes respecting the person of Christ have been disputes about the relation of Christ to the Father. What that relation is I do not know. I am quite willing to leave it a mystery to be explained hereafter. What I can know is, what is Christ's relation to me, and to me he answers the three greatest and most important questions in my life: What am I? who is God? what is the relation between myself and God? And the answer of his life to me is this: You are not yet, but you can become, like me; follow me. You cannot know God, for you are finite and he is infinite, but you can know me, and the Father is so in me and I am so in the Father that he that hath known me hath known the Father. You are not at one with God; but, if you follow me and receive my spirit and live my life, then you will be at one with the Father, as the Father is at one with me, and I am at one with the Father.

If it is true that man was created perfect six thousand years ago and that sin did not come into the world as the result of his fall, what becomes of the doctrine of the atonement and of redemption through the blood of Christ?

C. P.

How do you explain, with your views concerning sin and redemption, the statement of Jesus, "This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins"?

W. N. B.

For fuller answers than can be here given to these questions I must refer the inquirers to a volume of mine published by Houghton Mifflin Company, entitled "The Theology of an Evolutionist." My answer here must necessarily be brief and suggestive rather than complete.

Unquestionably the modern doctrine of sin involves a modern doctrine of redemption, differing in two important respects from the doctrine of the older theology. In the first place, Jesus Christ does not anywhere promise to those who accept him a remission of *penalty*. His teaching gives no warrant for the notion that he has suffered the penalty we ought to suffer, and that therefore we are let off. He promises the remission of *sin;* that is, if we accept him, he will take away the sin from which we wish to be delivered. This is John's doctrine: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." This is Paul's doctrine: "In whom we have redemption through his blood, even the remission of sins." What Christ promises is something much better than escape from penalty. It is deliverance from sin. In the second place, blood throughout the Bible is a symbol of life. This truth is very clearly brought out by Dean Stanley in his essay entitled "The Body and Blood of Christ," in his volume on "Christian Institutions." When Christ says, "Except . . . ye drink his blood, ye have no life in you," what he means is, The only real life, the life that is worth the having, the life that is therefore a deathless life, belongs only to those who have received that life which Christ imparts and who therefore possess his spirit. When he says, "This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for many for the remission of sins," what he means is, The covenant of companionship between you and me is a covenant perfected only by receiving my life and thereby being emancipated from the power and dominion of sin. The reality and trustworthiness of this promise does not depend upon any theory respecting the origin of sin in the world. It is equally true in the experience of those who trace sin back to a historic Fall in Eden and in the experience of those who trace sin back, as Paul does in the seventh chapter of Romans, to the domination of the flesh or animal in man over the spiritual in man.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

HOMES VERSUS HABITATIONS

Near a town on the western shore of Penobscot Bay there was once a rocky slope broken by levels of soft grass, feathery clumps of blueberry and sweet fern, framed with tall spruce, and quickened into life by the silver leaves and white trunks of birches. Now (unless Providence has recently intervened) this same rocky hillside has disappeared under a mathematically sloping lawn. The birches, pines, and sweet-ferns are no longer to be seen. In their places are a series of geranium beds, prevented from escaping from their shame by encircling chains of coleus. Down the center of this travesty on nature, where once a sheep trail ambled among the gray rocks, runs a broad asphalt walk. At the foot of this walk is the still undesecratable bay. At the top is a stiff, lantern-jawed box of a house, three stories high, staring with sleepless eyes at the havoc it has fathered. In front of this house is a tall white flag-pole from which flies a large American flag.

We would hardly go so far as to say that the position of that flag is symbolic of something more than its owner's patriotism. Perhaps it is sufficient to say that America is not the most artistic nation in the world. Yet, so far as the construction and setting of our houses is concerned, it is certainly no fault of our ancestry that we are not. Georgian tradition made us heir to the best fruit of its era. The sturdy stone dwellings of Dutch Pennsylvania, New England farm-houses standing four-square to the winds of heaven and the opinions of mankind, the brilliant white walls and tiled roofs of Italy and ancient Spain—these are elements diverse enough to have supplied us with architectural styles suited to all the shades and conditions of our climate. Likewise, these are elements which, until recently, we have either largely abused or utterly ignored. Instead of plain lines, structurally correct and æsthetically satisfying, we have cumbered our eyesight with pitiful wooden towers and gingerbread work, apparently designed solely for the deification of the jig-saw. Happily we are learning that wooden battlements are not wholly desirable, and that eccentricity of outline is not the chief end of man. Haply, too, we are learning that a house is not a detached creation to be dropped down as a packing-case is dumped from the tail-end of a delivery wagon, but an integral part of the landscape in which it is situated. If we are to intrude upon nature, we should at least do it with diplomacy and tact.

A house should be like a tree, comfortably at home in its surroundings. It should express at once the personality of its owner and that self-respecting accommodation with which mankind has adapted itself to the physical realities of this earth. House-building is like gardening. It is useless to attempt to graft plants of conflicting habits one upon the other. Most of our suburban villages are as false to nature as a combination of cacti and cabbages.

When the average American first conceives a glimmer of the existence of this fact, he apparently rushes to a nursery catalogue, purchases a list of exotic names, and proceeds to install these, museum fashion, at set intervals about his house. He is never satisfied with nature's quiet insistence that his new acquisitions "do not belong." When, with infinite patience, she proceeds to kill off his pet abominations, he laments not his own lack of vision but the cosmic spanking he has so richly deserved. Vistas of meadowland, framed in native evergreens, he ignores. He must, for his soul's satisfaction, possess all the varieties of foreign undesirables he has persuaded himself to admire. One split-leaf maple of Japanese vintage is dearer to his heart than a grove of its broader-leaved cousins, fruitful of both sugar and shade. A purple and weeping beech delights him more than an army of native oaks and elms.

If his purse and his patience survive this period of misspent effort, there may be a hope that he will turn in time towards the hills and prairies about his home whence cometh the help that makes landscape gardening, even in its elementary form, the harbinger of peace, happiness, and artistic sanity.

One of the most satisfying indications that we are passing slowly from the eclipse of understanding which darkened the middle and end of the nineteenth century is contained in a bulletin recently issued by the Agricultural Experiment Station of the University of Illinois. Other State colleges have discussed the question of farm landscape gardening, but we do not remember to have seen so complete and suggestive a treatment as is contained in this new and profusely illustrated pamphlet coming to us from the Middle West. The purpose of the bulletin can be briefly summarized by the reprint of the " Australian Ballot " inclosed within its covers. This ballot is headed " For the People of Illinois," but it can be read and voted for with profit by the citizens of any State in the Union. The citizen who puts 'X' in one of the squares of this ballot will have taken a very definite step for the well-being of the community in which he dwells. This is the ballot:

Australian Ballot for the People of Illinois

I WILL

☐ Plant or improve my WINDBREAK, not live in a bare, wind-swept spot.

☐ SCREEN unsightly objects, e. g., barnyard and outbuildings.

☐ Frame the VIEW of my house from the road and of the farm from my dining-room and porch.

☐ Plant bushes and vines against the FOUNDATIONS of my house.

☐ Make a good permanent LAWN, not a cheap weed-patch, and keep the center open, not scatter plants over it.

☐ Have SHRUBBERY, instead of artificial hedges, or temporary flower-beds in the middle of the lawn.

☐ Save old TREES on lawn, roadside, or pasture.

☐ Plant chiefly long-lived NATIVE MATERIAL, not short-lived "quick-growers," or foreign and artificial varieties.

☐ Make a practical FLOWER-GARDEN, e. g., a cut-flower, bird, children's, wild, winter, or tree garden, instead of copying something Eastern, English, or Italian.

☐ Plant an ILLINOIS BORDER, sacred to Illinois trees, shrubs, and wild flowers.

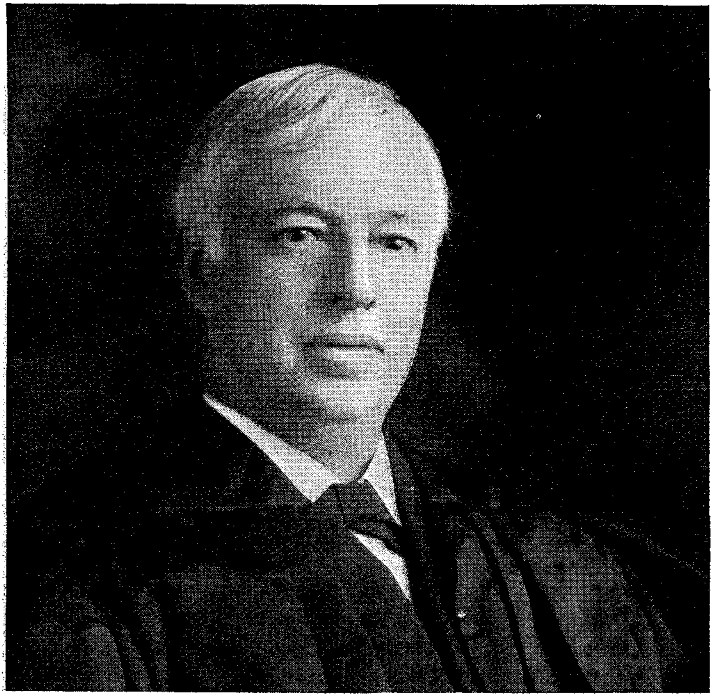
☐ Restore and preserve the LOCAL COLOR, instead of destroying every shrub within a mile.

☐ Adopt the ILLINOIS WAY, not the gaudy, conventional, and imitative style, for I do not want my place to look like every beginner's the world over.

☐ Build and plant a PERMANENT COUNTRY HOME.

☐ PLAN or re-plan my home grounds, or engage a landscape gardener.

In the accompanying bulletin, which describes so fully the " Illinois way " of beautifying the farm, are many views taken of both new and long-settled communities, showing the effects of and the definite laws governing all forms of landscape gardening and landscape architecture which are adapted to a rural and agricultural community. It runs the gamut of appeal from the advantage of beauty as a financial asset to an appreciation of wild flowers and native birds as among the durable satisfactions of life. Is it too much to hope that such an appeal may be heard and understood?



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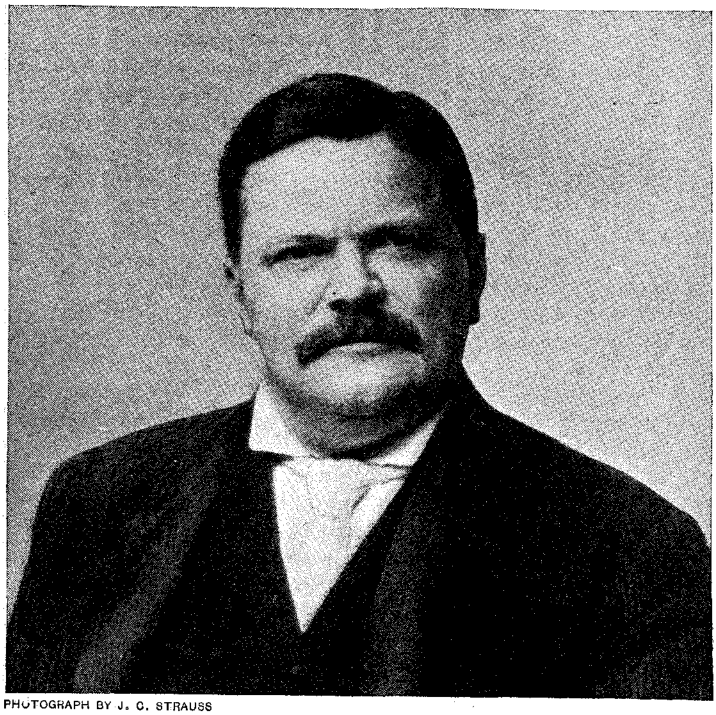
JUSTICE JOSEPH R. LAMAR
OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

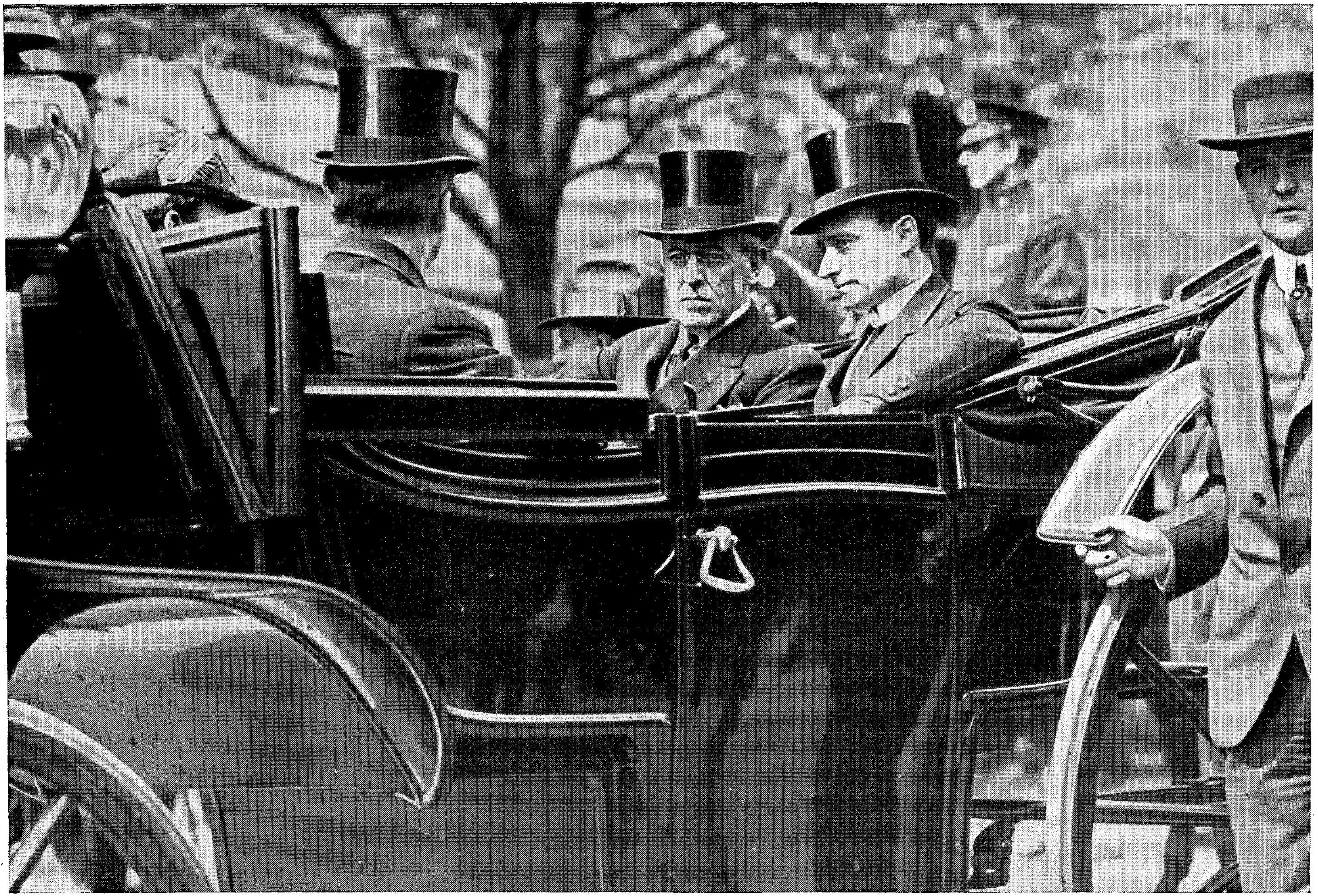


PHOTOGRAPH BY J. C. STRAUSS

FREDERICK W. LEHMANN
FORMER SOLICITOR-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES

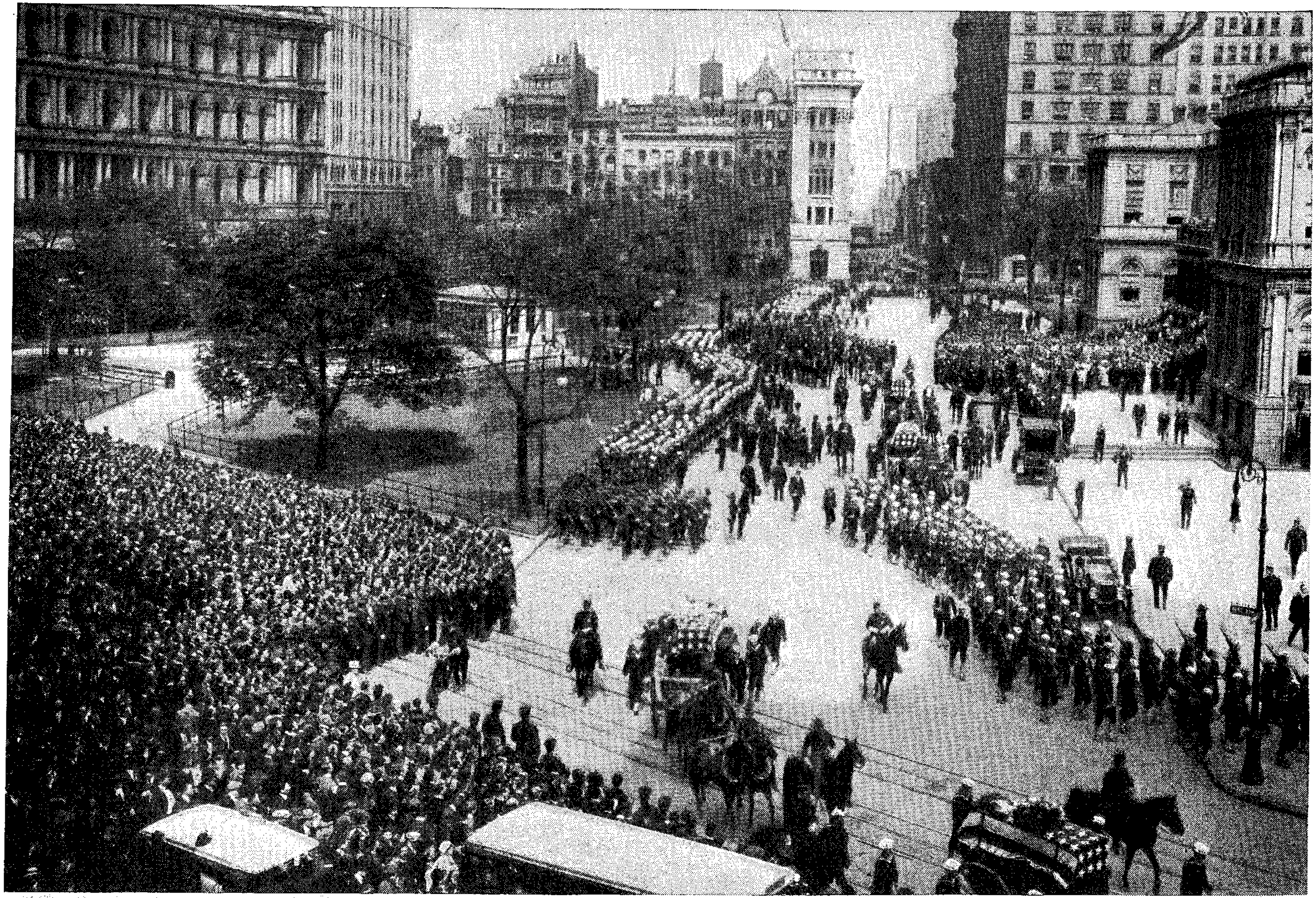
TWO DISTINGUISHED LAWYERS APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT WILSON AS THE AMERICAN DELEGATES TO THE MEDIATION CONFERENCE

See editorial comment



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

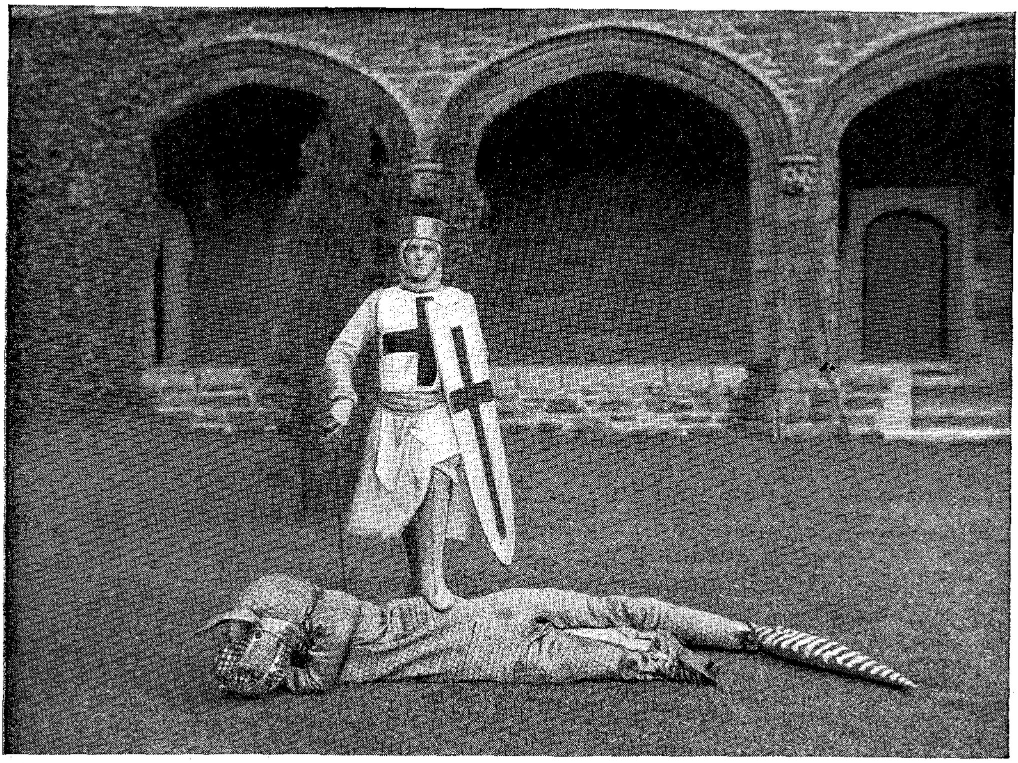
PRESIDENT WILSON AND MAYOR MITCHEL IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION FOR THE DEAD MARINES AND SAILORS FROM VERA CRUZ



PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD LEVICK

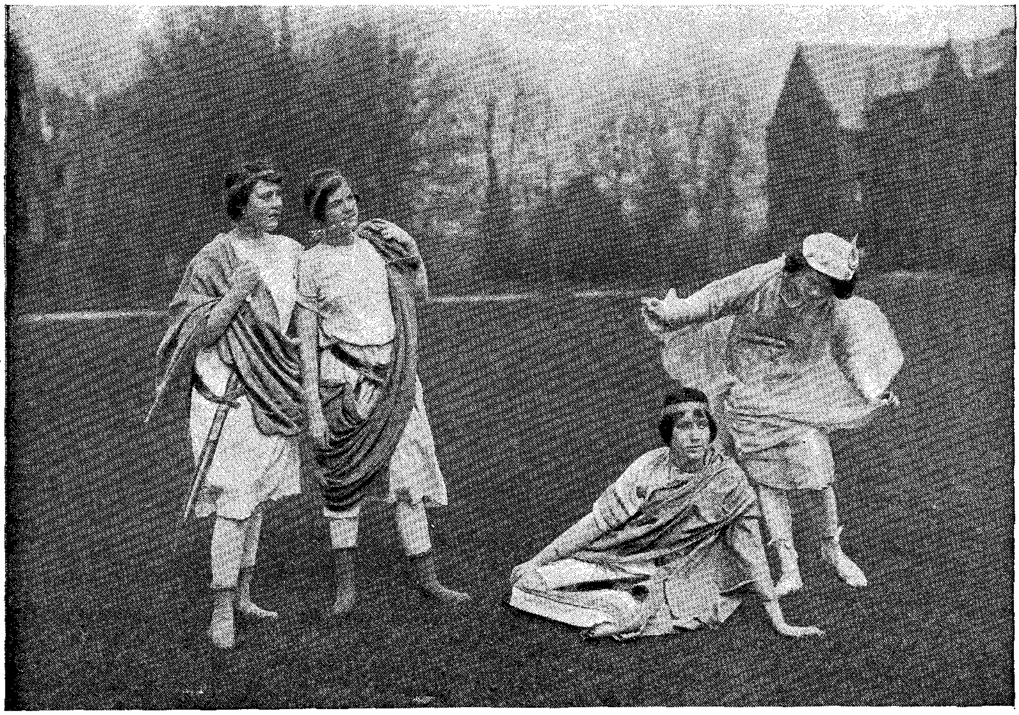
THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING THE CITY HALL ON THE WAY TO THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD

The tribute to our dead sailors by the Nation through the President, by New York State through its Governor, by New York City through its Mayor, and by army, navy, and the people formed one of the most impressive scenes in our history. An account of the ceremonies appears in another place in this issue



PHOTOGRAPH BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON. FROM THE "PLAY OF ST. GEORGE"



PHOTOGRAPH BY BAIN NEWS SERVICE

FROM "THE OLD WIVES TALE"

MAY DAY AT BRYN MAWR

An account of the Bryn Mawr May Day plays and open-air festival is published elsewhere in this issue

THE MOTOR VAGABOND

HIS WANDERINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD

BY HENRY FARRAND GRIFFIN

YOU may remember that one of the first things Homer thought worth recording of Odysseus was that "he had seen the towns and knew the minds of many men." When the poet, moreover, characterizes his hero as resourceful, ingenious, a man of many wiles, the inference is plain that this same resourcefulness came of his having knocked about in many strange corners of the earth.

Thus Homer long ago put on record his belief in travel as an essential part of a liberal education.

In later, modern times we have so marvelously improved our facilities for doing all sorts of things, traveling included, that the means often bid fair to overshadow the end. The very fact that we have made our getting about the world so much easier, swifter, safer, has cost us much of that intimate personal contact which must always be the truest delight and most enduring value of travel.

Not long ago, in reading over some family papers, I chanced upon a letter describing a journey from Detroit to New York when railways were not and the Erie Canal was a greater marvel than is Panama to-day. A tempestuous voyage in a sailing vessel down Lake Erie to Buffalo; lazy days on the canal packet, gliding through the fertile fields and newly built villages of central New York; the embarkation, not without some misgivings, on the new-fangled steamboat at Albany—a twelve days' trip, full of personal adventure and novel experience, all described with that intimate touch that makes one vividly see the journey exactly as it was eighty-odd years ago.

If my business were to take me to Detroit to-night, I fear I should not be able to leave so interesting an account for future generations. Something like this it would have to read:

"Took the Luxury Limited for Detroit to-night. After an excellent dinner smoked and read the evening papers in the buffet car. Retired to a most comfortable bed and slept soundly all night to awake at my destination."

By your leave, I should prefer the adventure of that twelve-day trip! A plague upon these seven-league boots of modern science and invention, for they are fast treading all the romance out of travel.

Yet it is scarcely fair to these same inventions thus to bulk them under one anathema; for the very latest of them bid fair to restore to our *Wanderlust* all of the glamour their predecessors took away. The same science that robbed us of the stage-coach and the white-winged ships of old has given us the aeroplane and the motor car.

The aeroplane, perhaps, must always remain a flight above the ambitions of the average man who sets a value on his neck and likes to feel the solid earth beneath his shoe-leather. But surely next to flying there is no sensation to compare with the glorious vagabondage of the open road and the skimming motor car. And how few of the fortunate owners have learned to use their cars aright! How many to whom the automobile is little better than a sort of private street car, a convenience to take them to and from their places of business, downtown shopping, a stolid whirl about the parks, and to the theater, perhaps, of an evening! Have they never even guessed that they own a veritable Aladdin's carpet, an open sesame to wide countrysides, strange roadways, and the wonderland of all outdoors?

A great convenience, almost a necessity in and about our cities, the automobile has very naturally become within the past few years. But in a sense its best, if not its most important, use can never be merely as a convenience. The man who gets the best out of his motor car is winning through it a liberal education in the university of the open spaces and the open air.

Curiously enough, the man most likely to get the best out of motoring in this way is the average owner of moderate means who drives and cares for his own car. Though his leisure may be limited to Sundays and holidays and his means scant for extended trips, he it is with family and friends that crowds the motor highways each week-end, exploring unfamiliar countrysides and quaint out-of-the-way villages.

The motor journeys of the very rich are more likely to be stately junketings from one fashionable resort to another. Kept under glass, in immaculate limousines, shielded alike from sunshine, dust, and rain, respectfully herded by footman and chauffeur from expensive hotel to expensive hotel, they rarely taste the vagabond joys of the open road, the accident and incident that are the spice of motoring, the chance bucolic encounter, the picnic luncheon beside the brook, the farm-house refuge from the storm.

It is well that this should be so. For I conceive it to be the finest achievement of the motor car that it should more and more become a democratizing agent, that it should bring back to us something of the wide and intimate acquaintance of the old stage-coach days, that it should more and more come to counteract the evil effects of the country's drift to the cities.

To the new owner or the inexperienced motor tourist a few words of caution and advice may not come amiss. Do not make your plans for a first trip too ambitious. Before you start make sure that you are thoroughly familiar with the operation and equipment of your car. Look to your tool kit; see that it is complete and that you understand the use of each implement. Make sure that a jack is included—some of the less expensive cars skimp their equipment here. Carry at least one spare shoe, and, if the sizes of front and rear wheels differ, carry at least one shoe of each size. Have plenty of inner tubes (of both sizes, when necessary) and material for mending punctures. Be certain that you understand how to put on a new shoe and to put in a new inner tube without pinching it. This may sound elementary, but it would probably surprise you to know how many inexperienced drivers are absolutely helpless when confronted with a puncture. If you do not know how to do these things, learn.

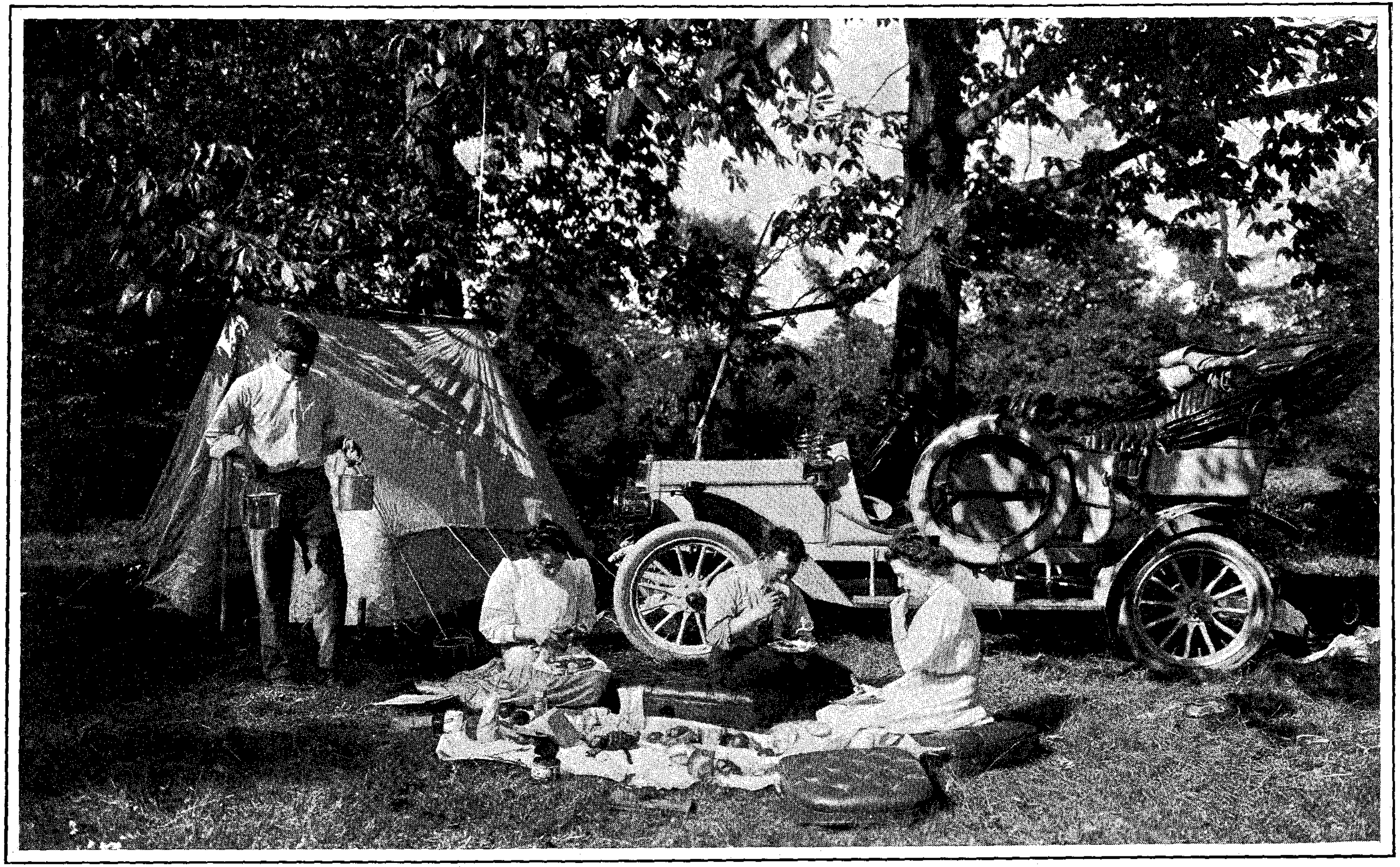
Put up your top and note carefully how all the side curtains are assembled. It may save you a drenching when a sudden shower catches you unaware. Carry tire chains and about thirty feet of stout tow rope. You may not want either, but if you do you will want them mighty badly. See that your lighting system, whether electric, by gas tank or gas generator, is in good working order. Remember that a trunk or suit-case to carry its contents safely in the trunk-rack must be both water-proof and dust-proof. A picnic luncheon basket is a great convenience and will free you from worry about where you will get your midday meals.

The spare parts you carry should depend largely upon your experience with your particular make of car. *Always* strain gasoline in filling your tank. It isn't a bad thing to do the same with water. Take along with you the manufacturers' book of instructions, and pay particular heed to the directions for oiling and lubrication. Buy the best road maps. Cheap ones are no economy Drive slowly over bad roads. *Never* take chances on a grade crossing or around a dangerous turn in the road.

Last, but not least, don't be in too much of a hurry. Presumably on a tour you are out, first of all, to see the country—not to break speed records.

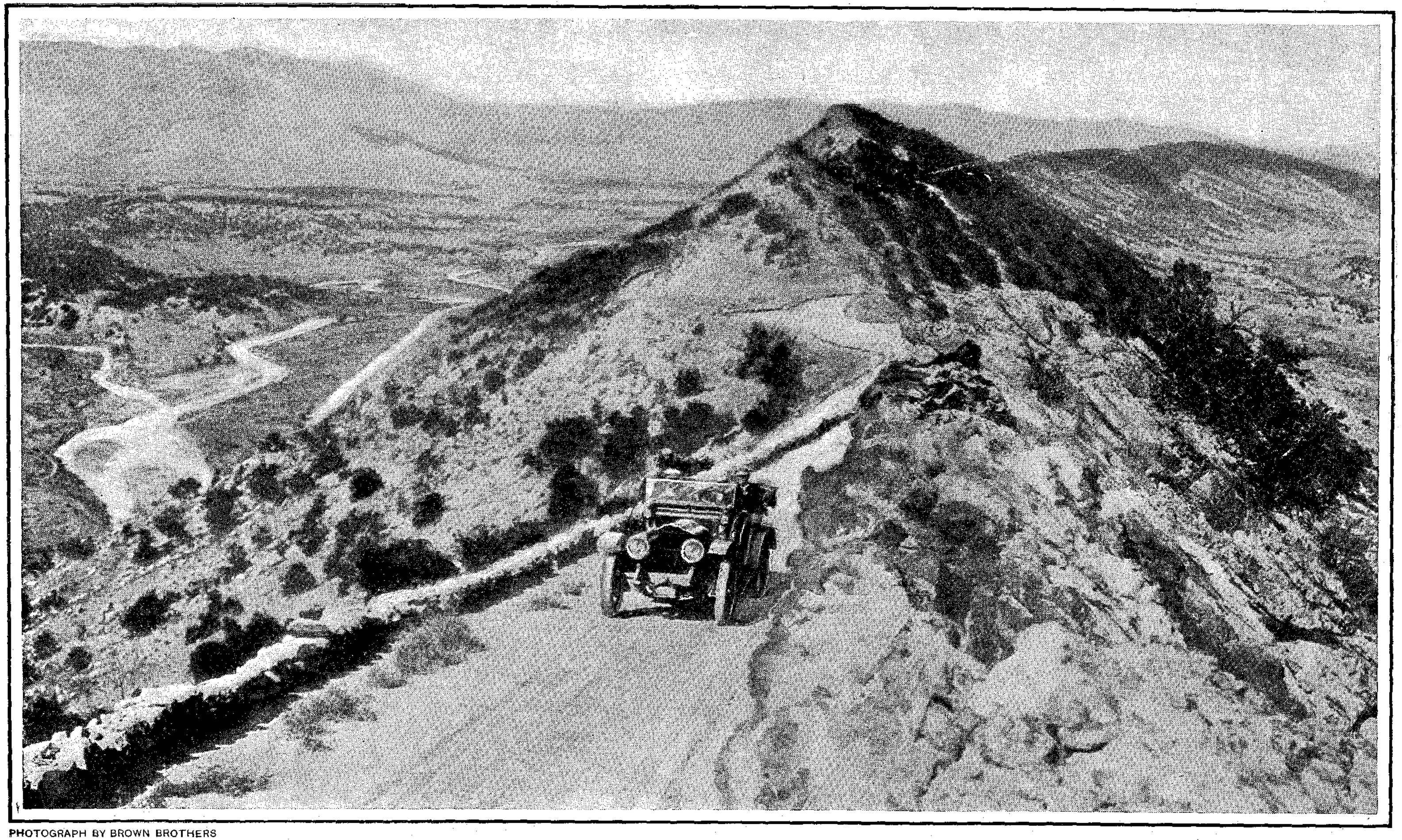
In an article of this kind it would be manifestly impossible to suggest possible tours. It will depend, of course, upon the part of the country in which you live. One point is possibly worth bringing up. The average motorist often overestimates the importance of good roads. They certainly do have a good deal to do with the pleasure of your trip, but none the less I think most experienced drivers will agree that many of their most interesting trips have often been over the worst roads. The inexperienced driver will probably do well to stick to good roads and the beaten path, but the man who knows his motor thoroughly, its capabilities and its limitations, who is willing to drive slowly and nurse his car over bad going, will be well repaid for his trouble by the delights of motor exploration in out-of-the way corners of the map. One of the most interesting motor trips I have heard of recently was that taken by a friend who drove his car—a light and inexpensive machine, too—deep into the Maine woods over an old logging trail.

For the man who is prepared to spend a thousand dollars or more on his summer's motor outing there are fascinating possibilities in a European trip. There is, of course, nothing cheap about motoring abroad, but a good many people have an exaggerated notion of the relative expense. It depends very largely upon the person who makes the trip. When the average European innkeeper and garage bandit sight the American motorist over the horizon, they certainly do, as the vernacular has it, " see him coming." But I think



PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

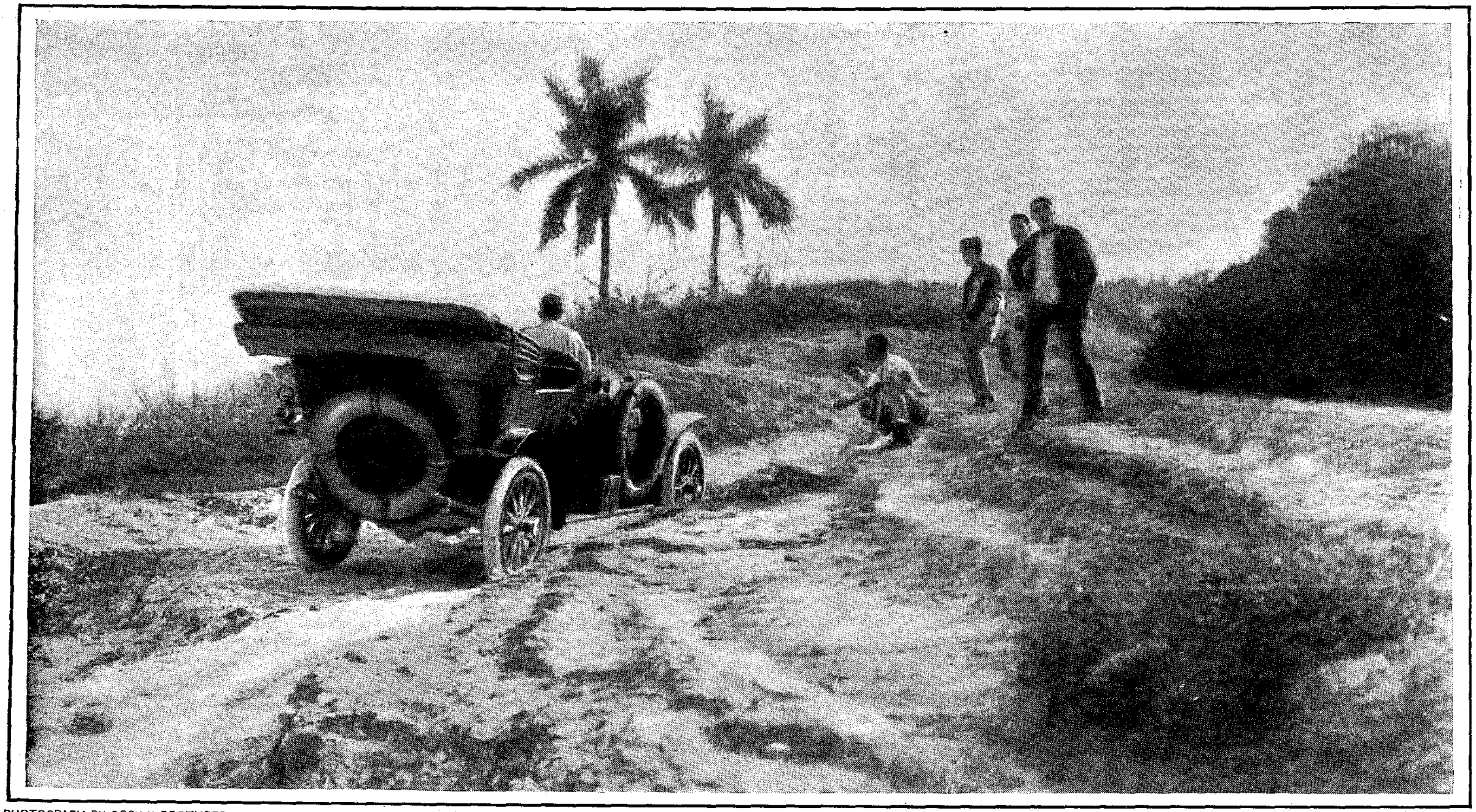
"THE VAGABOND JOYS OF THE OPEN ROAD, THE ACCIDENT AND INCIDENT THAT ARE THE SPICE OF MOTORING, THE CHANCE BUCOLIC ENCOUNTER, THE PICNIC LUNCHEON BESIDE THE BROOK"



PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

CLIMBING THE HEIGHTS IN NEVADA

"The man who gets the best out of his motor car is winning through it a liberal education in the university of the open spaces and the *open air*"



PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

"MOTOR WANDERINGS IN CUBA"

a shrewd, resourceful Yankee, after a little experience, ought to be able to take care of himself.

Gasoline and oils are everywhere much higher than in America, and in some localities soar to amazing figures. The best protection for the American motorist is to associate himself with one of the international touring associations, which have arrangements with many garages and hotels whereby members are entitled to certain specified reasonable rates.

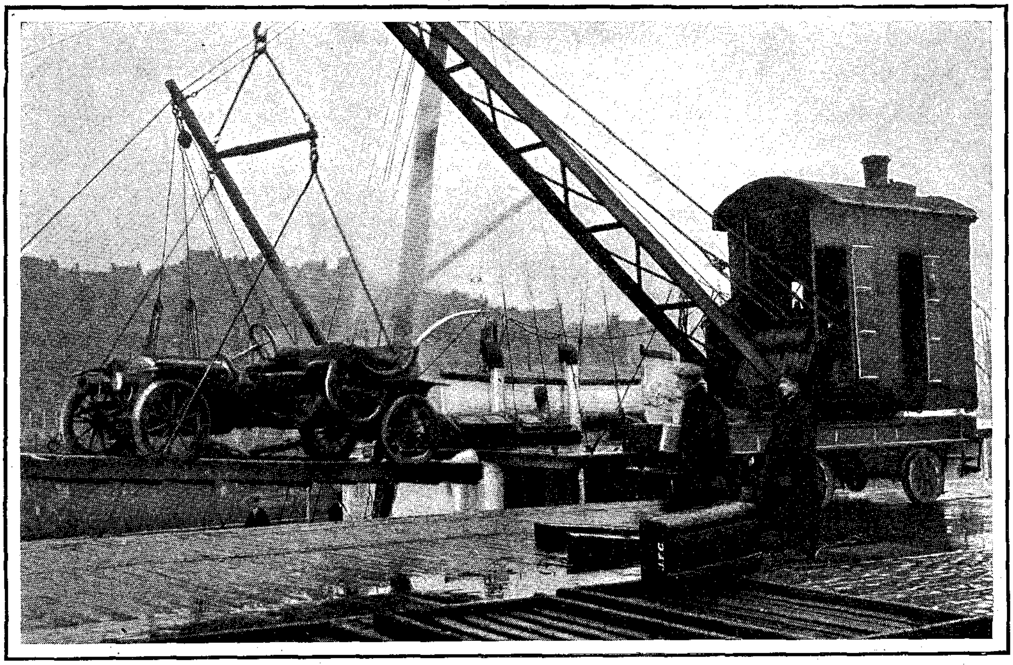
Getting your car across the ocean is about the simplest part of the trip. Arrangements may be made either direct with the steamship companies or through the agency of certain of the express companies which make a specialty of this business. The latter method is on the whole preferable, as the express company will undertake to see that your car is properly boxed and prepared for the voyage and delivered to you in good condition at any destination you may name. As practically all risk of damage to the car is avoided by this method, the slight additional expense is not worth considering.

It is difficult to give exact figures as to the cost of transportation, which will vary with the size and weight of the car. In general, it may be said, however, that between New York and western European ports the cost each way, including boxing, packing, etc., will run from $150 for a small, light car to $300 for a large, heavy machine.

Some of the more prominent American makers of the higher-priced automobiles maintain European rental services which enable motor tourists abroad to engage cars, completely equipped and operated by reliable and competent drivers. The rental includes gasoline, tires, etc., and the tourist is relieved of practically all worry or bother. The cost is naturally in proportion to the service rendered. And, after all, touring in this fashion, while pleasant and care-free enough, robs one of most of the novel experience and odd adventure that should be the best rewards for venturing so far afield.

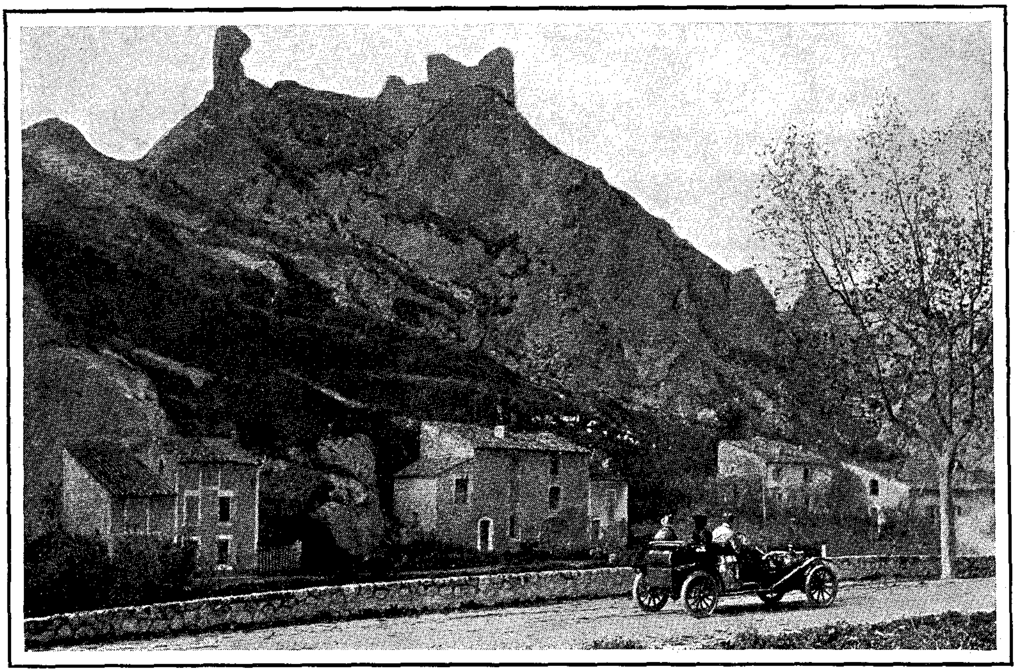
Let us follow, rather, the fortunes of the average motor voyager who finds himself, his car restored to him from some transatlantic liner's hold, a stranger in a strange land. Shall we say, for example, that he has landed in England at Southampton? He will be, perhaps, wise to begin his venture in the British Isles, for here he will find in general the best roads, the least expense and vexation over registration licenses and customs dues and regulations, with the added advantage of being in a country where he will be sure to understand the language.

We will suppose that our motor tourist



PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

"GETTING YOUR CAR ACROSS THE OCEAN IS ABOUT THE SIMPLEST PART OF THE TRIP"



PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

"ONCE LANDED UPON THE CONTINENT AND EQUIPPED WITH THE NECESSARY DOCUMENTS AND CREDENTIALS, AN INFINITE VARIETY OF POSSIBLE TOURS IS OPEN TO THE TRAVELER"

has already arranged through the express company for a driver's license and registration of his car. These expenses, unless he plans to stay more than four months in the country, will not exceed $15, and no customs duty deposit is required. After a few brief formalities the tourist is gliding cautiously through the streets of Southampton, trying, with repeated starts, to remember to keep to the left and pass on the right, and free to go where he will throughout the entire United Kingdom.

An enchanting prospect, is it not? What fields of romance and adventure now lie before him to conquer! On every side, only a few miles away, over wonderful roads lie mediæval castles and keeps, cathedral towns like Salisbury and Winchester, New Forest with its depths of ancient greenery, Stonehenge and its strange circle of Druid monoliths. Just across the Solent's blue waters grassy hills and downs shimmer through the sunlight an invitation to visit the Isle of Wight, not without reason known as the Garden of England. Everywhere are thatch-roofed cottages, villages quaintly hidden in unexpected valleys, lawns of unbelievable depths of green, shady banks of ivy and myrtle, ancient walls of mossy stone, and always ahead those marvelous roads, gray and smooth as satin, trimly bordered with hedges.

These same hedges are likely to be regarded by the motorist with mingled feelings after a few narrow escapes at crossroads and turnings. Some of the roads and lanes are narrow enough, the hills steep, the corners sharp, and the high hedges often make a mighty dangerous ambuscade. A careful driver, however, will find safe guidance in the warning signs which are plentiful wherever needed.

Not the least delight of touring through such an enchanting land is the abundance of good country inns, often a joy from their very quaintness, where one may count upon good food plainly cooked and clean and comfortable beds. The wise motorist, however, who plans an overnight stay and wishes to keep his expenses down to a minimum will leave his car out of sight down the road and proceed on foot to strike his bargain. If your dignity will not permit you to do this—well, then, you must make up your mind to pay the piper.

This word of warning holds good, probably, more especially on the Continent than in Great Britain, and, indeed, the motor tourist's difficulties and pitfalls will increase from the minute he crosses the Channel. If the tourist plans to visit several different countries, the most vexatious of these difficulties is likely to prove the question of customs dues, unless he is prepared to make the temporary investment which will enable him to avail himself of the privileges of the "triptyque." This is a document, or, to be exact, a series of documents, which permits an owner to pass his car through foreign custom-houses after he has paid in a lump sum the total of customs dues for each country he proposes to visit. Triptyques may be obtained through the leading American and European automobile clubs and associations for the following countries: Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, and Spain.

The sum required for deposit when the triptyque is issued will depend upon the countries to be visited. The automobile customs dues of the different countries vary widely. In France, which has about the highest duty, the rate for cars weighing from 1,100 to 5,550 pounds is $6.60 per hundred pounds. These duties are considerably less in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy.

If one plans to visit more than a single country on the Continent, the triptyque will save much inconvenience and delay. All of the money deposited, less a small fee, is promptly refunded upon proof that the motor car is no longer in any of the countries covered by the triptyque. Without this privilege the motor tourist is required to make a customs deposit at each frontier, and later run the risk of not being able to collect the money promptly at the frontier point of departure. It often happens that it is not convenient to pass the frontier during the customs office hours, and at some of the smaller stations the necessary funds cannot always be promptly obtained.

Full information in regard to the conditions under which triptyques are issued may be obtained from the leading American automobile clubs and associations, and from the express companies which specialize in foreign motor car transportation.

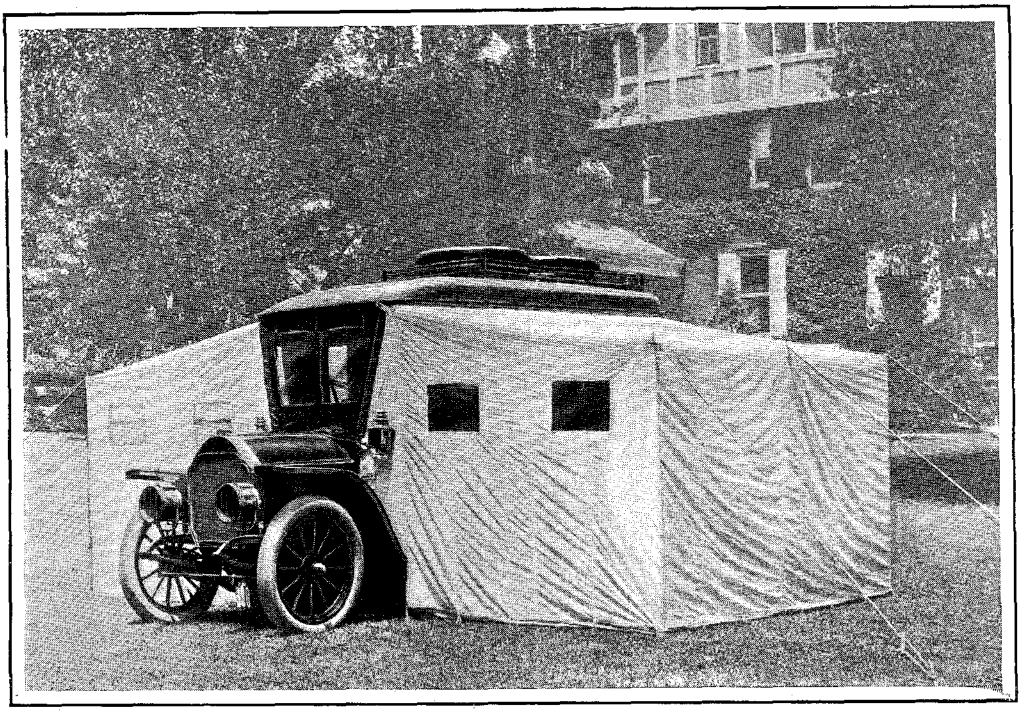
Next in importance to the triptyque for the motor tourist on the Continent is the "international traveling pass." This is distinct from the triptyque, and has no connection with customs duties or regulations. It is in effect an international motor car registration and driving license combined. The United States is not a party to the International Pass Agreement, and Americans are able to avail themselves of this privilege only by courtesy of foreign touring organizations. There is no difficulty, however, in making the necessary arrangements through representative American automobile clubs or associations.

It is necessary for car and driver to be duly registered and licensed in one of the countries which are parties to the international agreement. The international pass will then be issued for car and driver, entitling them to travel without further formality of registration or licensing in Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, France, Monaco and Algiers, Great Britain and Ireland, Luxembourg, Holland, Italy, Rumania, Russia, Servia, Switzerland, and Spain.

The pass is good for one year, and may be renewed. Certain specified information is required, and the application for international registration must be accompanied by four unmounted photographs, 1½ by 1¾ inches in size, of the driver. Each automobile thus licensed must carry an oval plate bearing the initials of the country of registration. Thus, if our American tourist registers in Great Britain, he will carry on his plate the initials G. B. If he feels humiliated that he cannot sail under his own colors, or rather initials, U. S., he had best join in the efforts now being made to have our Government become a party to the international agreement. The chief obstacle is the impossibility of offering reciprocal privileges to foreign tourists, due to the fact that motor cars and drivers in this country are registered and licensed by State, not National, authorities. Some way out of this difficulty should certainly be found.

These preparations sound more formidable than they will actually be found, and, thus equipped, the motor tourist will be able to pass without further trouble through all the countries of western Europe that he will be likely to wish to visit. There are, of course, additional local ordinances and traffic regulations which must be obeyed, but for the most part these are not likely to prove troublesome to the sensible, considerate motorist who is prepared "when in Rome to do as the Romans do." In Switzerland and Germany in particular the tourist should be prepared for a rather rigid enforcement of speed and traffic regulations.

Membership in foreign touring organizations may be obtained without difficulty and will often prove most advantageous. Reliable information, maps, guides, etc., may thus be



PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

THE MOTOR CAR WITH CANVAS TENTS STRETCHED ON BOTH SIDES FOR CAMPING

This arrangement of canvas for camping measures about 120 square yards on each side; it can be easily rolled up and hung on the back of the car. The Department of Agriculture has sent a number of these camp-equipped motor cars to the remotest parts of the farming districts, with an exhibition of various seeds and pamphlets. The instructors who accompany these outfits teach the farmers how to get their soil to yield twice as much as before. This may be a practical suggestion of a method of camping for motor tourists

secured, and members are entitled to special rates and discounts at hotels, restaurants, and garages. The officials of these organizations will be found, as a rule, most courteous and helpful to the American motorist.

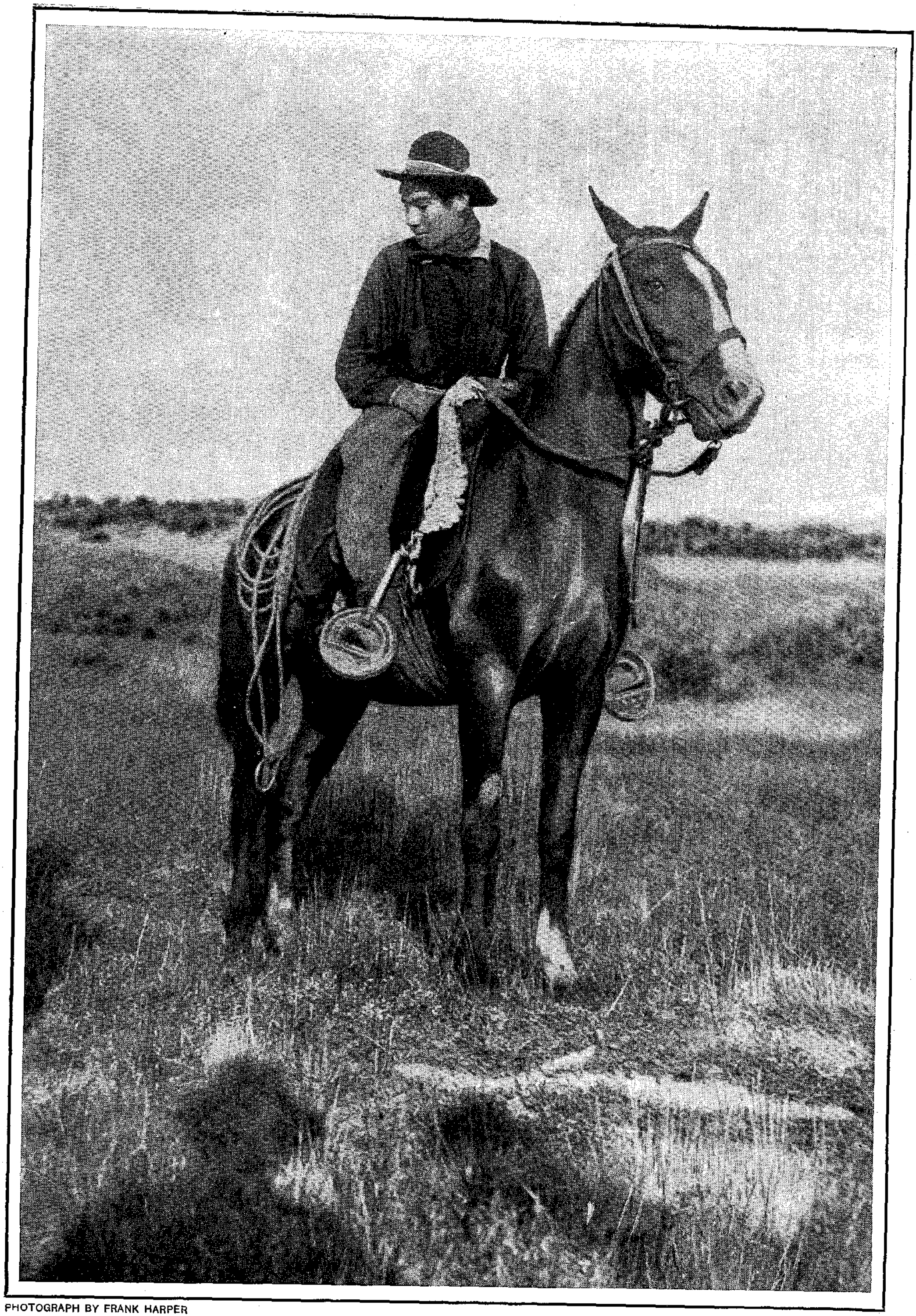
As compared to America, the distances are relatively small, the roads excellent, the country almost everywhere of quaint and historic interest.

Once landed upon the Continent and equipped with the necessary documents and credentials, an infinite variety of possible tours is open to the traveler. Indeed, the possibilities are bewildering.

Where shall the tourist go? Through Normandy to Paris? Tour the valley of the Loire through the picturesque château country? Through Belgium to Holland and thence on down the Rhine Valley to Switzerland? Or shall it be Nice, Monte Carlo, and the Riviera, and on to Venice, Florence, or Rome?

The answer must lie with the traveler himself. To each according to his taste and pocketbook. Wherever he goes he will be fairly certain to find a wealth of novel scenes and experiences. If he limits his journeying to the better-known parts of the British Isles, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, western Germany, and northern Italy, he may count on almost universally excellent roads, and where he ventures away from the beaten track the reward will usually more than compensate for the rough going. One thing is safe to predict—that when it comes time to turn back and make for the port whence the traveler must sail for home, it will be done reluctantly and with many regrets that the motor holiday has passed so swiftly.

By no means all of us, of course, can hope to experience this summer the charm of these Old World motor wanderings. We may not be permitted by circumstance to take our motor wanderings in Cuba, or Mexico, or our northern neighbor Canada; but we may find a good deal of comfort in the thought that we shall be kept busy enough if we "see America first." There is such a lot of it to see, and more that is quaint, picturesque, and interesting than many of us perhaps realize. Let us, rather, count ourselves lucky that we have such a magical Aladdin's carpet as the modern motor car, and determine that this coming summer we are going to get the best out of it—that, like Odysseus of old, we are going to see the towns and know the minds of many men.



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARPER

AN ARGENTINE COWBOY (GAUCHO)

These men are a familiar sight on the cattle ranches throughout the limitless plains of the Argentine, and, as in our own West, the gay appearance of these consummate horsemen lends to life a certain charm and gallant picturesqueness. Note particularly the queerly shaped stirrups. "Often they were heavy flat disks, the terminal part of the stirrup leather being represented by a narrow metal or stiff leather bar a foot in length. A slit was cut in the heavy flat disk big enough to admit the toe of the foot"

FROM OX CART TO MOTOR CAR IN THE ANDES

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IN THE SERIES OF ARTICLES ON SOUTH AMERICA

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND FRANK HARPER

After crossing the Andes by rail from the Argentine into Chile at a point northeast of Santiago, Mr. Roosevelt and his party spent some time in Santiago and Valparaiso, and then went south by rail. The most interesting and picturesque part of the trip then came. The itinerary of the return across the Andes into the Argentine is indicated on the map that accompanies this article. The region through which the party traveled, and which is described in this article, is so little known even in Argentina that when the party arrived in Buenos Aires they were besieged by newspaper men to tell them something about the country. Hardly a soul is met upon the journey until Bariloche is reached, and only a few straggling settlers are seen upon the vast dry plains of Patagonia between Bariloche and Neuquen. In two years, however, the Southern Railway will probably have pushed its tendrils right through from Neuquen to Bariloche, and then onward over the Andes into Chile, while the Argentine Government on its part is pressing forward the work of irrigation. If all goes well, the next ten years will see a great influx of settlers into this rich section of country.—THE EDITORS.

WHEN the time came for us to leave Chile, we went southward on the railway to Puerto Varas. Incidentally I may remark that the railways in Chile are owned by the State, and that the men I met who were best informed and most trustworthy expressed great regret that they had not been kept in private hands. These men stated that there was always a deficit in the management of the railways, and that they were a burden on the Government and unprofitable to the citizens generally.

The railway passed through the wide, rolling agricultural country of central Chile, a country of farms and prosperous towns. As we went southward we found ourselves in a land which was new in the sense that our own West is new, none of the settlements being like those we had already seen, with their ancient historic past (I use the word "ancient" in its relative and American sense). Middle and southern Chile were in the hands of the Indians but a short while since. We were met by the fine-looking representatives of these Araucanian Indians, all of them now peaceable farmers and stock-growers, at a town of twenty or thirty thousand people where there was not a single white man to be found a quarter of a century ago.

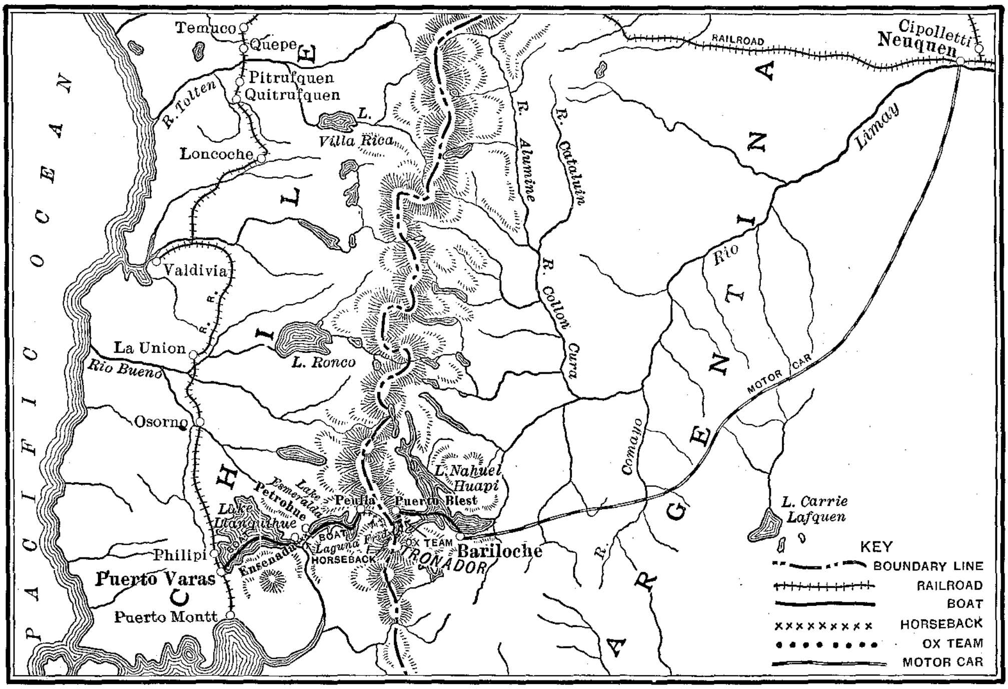
We reached our destination, Puerto Varas, early in the morning. It stands on the shore of a lovely lake. There has been a considerable German settlement in middle and southern Chile, and, as everywhere, the Germans have made capital colonists. At Puerto Varas there are two villages, mainly of Germans, one Protestant and the other Catholic. We were made welcome and given breakfast in an inn which, with its signs and pictures. might have come from the Fatherland, Among the guests at the breakfast, in addition to the native Chilean Intendente, were three or four normal school teachers, all of them Germans—and evidently uncommonly good teachers too. There were school-children, there were citizens of every kind. Many of the Germans born abroad could speak nothing but German. The children, however, spoke Spanish, and in some cases nothing but Spanish. Here, as so often in the addresses made to me, special stress was laid upon the fact that I represented in my country and in my own person the cause of religious liberty, of the absolute equality of treatment of all men without regard to creed, and of social and industrial justice; in short, the cause of liberty in body, soul, and mind, in things intellectual and spiritual, no less than in things industrial and political; the liberty that guarantees to each free, bold spirit the right to search for truth without any check from political or ecclesiastical tyranny, and that also guarantees to the humble their bodily rights as against any man who would exploit or oppress them.

We left Puerto Varas by steamer on the

lake for a four days' trip across the Andes, which was to end when we struck the Argentine Railway at Neuquen. This break in the Andes makes an easy road, for the pass at its summit is but three thousand feet high. The route followed leads between high mountains and across lake after lake, and the scenery is as beautiful as any in the world.

The first lake was surrounded by a rugged, forest-clad mountain wilderness, broken here and there by settlers' clearings. Wonderful mountains rose near by; one was a snow-clad volcano with a broken cone which not many years ago was in violent erosion. Another, even more beautiful, was a lofty peak of virginal snow. At the farther end of the lake we lunched at a clean little hotel, then we took horses and rode for a dozen miles to another lake; this is called Esmeralda Lake, or the Lake of Los Santos. Surely there can be no more beautiful lake anywhere than this! All around it are high mountains, many of them volcanoes. One of these mountains to the north, Punti Agudo, rises in sheer cliffs to its soaring summit, so steep that snow will hardly lie on its sides. Another to the southwest, called Tronador, the Thunderer, is capped with vast fields of perpetual snow, from which the glaciers creep down to the valleys. It gains its name of thunderer from the tremendous roaring of the shattered ice masses when they fall. Out of a vast cave in one of its glaciers a river rushes, full grown at birth. At the western end of this lake stands a thoroughly comfortable hotel, which we reached at sunset. Behind us in the evening lights, against the sunset, under the still air, the lake was very beautiful. The peaks were golden in the dying sunlight, and over them hung the crescent moon.

Next morning, before sunrise, we were riding eastward through the valley. For two or three miles the ride suggested that through the Yosemite, because of the abruptness with which the high mountain walls rose on either hand, while the valley was flat, with glades and woods alternating on its surface. Then we got into a thick forest. The trees were for the most part giant beeches, but with some conifers, including a rather small species of sequoia. Here and there, in the glades open and spaces, there were masses of many-


Temuco
Quepe
Pitrufquen
Quitrufquen
R. Tolten
L. Villa Rica
Loncoche
Valdivia
R.
La Union
Rio Bueno
Osorno
L. Ronco
Lake Esmeralda
Petrohue
Lake Llanquihue
Peulla
Puerto Blest
L. Nahuel Huapi
Laguna Fria
BOAT
OX TEAM
HORSEBACK
Ensenada
Bariloche
TRONADOR
Philipi
Puerto Varas
Puerto Montt
PACIFIC OCEAN
CHILE
ARGENTINA
RAILROAD
Cipolletti
Neuquen
Limay
R. Alumine
R. Catalun
R. Collon Cura
Rio
Comallo
R.
MOTOR CAR
L. Carrie Lafquen
KEY
BOUNDARY LINE
RAILROAD
BOAT
HORSEBACK
OX TEAM
MOTOR CAR

THE MAP OF THE ROUTE ACROSS THE ANDES TO NEUQUEN

See key to the map, which shows the means of traveling used

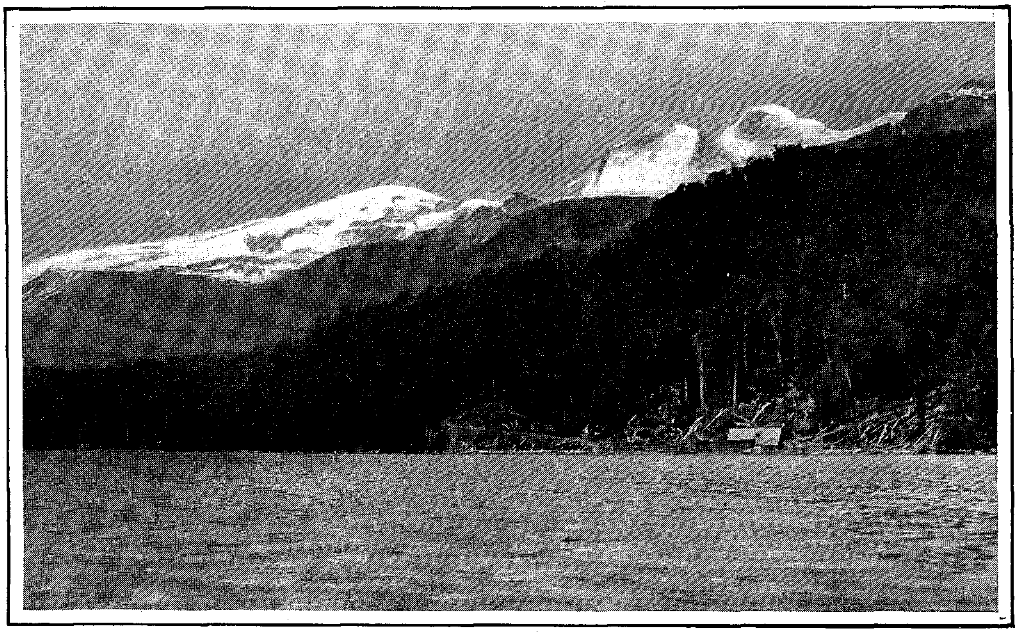
Mr. Roosevelt and his party started from Puerto Varas, Chile, in a small steamer and sailed across Lake Llanquihue to Ensenada. Then the party rode on horseback as far as Petrohue. At this point they took another steamer across Lake Esmeralda. The party then started again on horseback for Lake Fria, Argentina, which they crossed, and went by a wooden railway, the cars of which are drawn by oxen, to Lake Nahuel Huapi, where they boarded a steamer bound for Bariloche. From that point the party made a four-hundred-mile motor-car ride to Neuquen hued wild flowers; conspicuous among them were the fuchsias.

A dozen miles on we stopped at another little inn, and then climbed through a wooded pass between two mountains. Its summit, near which lies the boundary line between Chile and Argentina, is somewhere in the neighborhood of three thousand feet high; and this is the extreme height over which at this point it is necessary to go in traversing what is elsewhere the mighty mountain wall of the Andes. Here we met a tame guanaco (a kind of llama) in the road; it strolled up to us, smelled the noses of the horses, which were rather afraid of it, and then walked on by us. From the summit of the pass the ground fell rapidly to a wonderfully beautiful little lake of lovely green water. This little gem of a lake is hemmed in by sheer-sided mountains, densely timbered save where the cliffs rise too boldly for even the hardiest trees to take root. As with all these lakes, there are many beautiful waterfalls. The rapid mountain brooks fling themselves over precipices which are sometimes so high that the water reaches the foot in sheets of wavering mist. Everywhere in the background arose the snow peaks.

We crossed this little lake in a steam-launch, and on the other side found the quaintest wooden railway, with a couple of rough hand-cars, each dragged by an ox. In going downhill the ox is put behind the cart, which he holds back with a rope tied to his horns. We piled our baggage on one car, three or four members of the party got on the other, and the rest of us walked for the two miles or so before we reached the last lake we were to traverse—Nahuel Huapi.

Here we were met by a little lake steamer, on which we spent the next four hours. The lake is of bold and irregular outline, with many deep bays, and with mountain walls standing as promontories between the bays. For a couple of hours the scenery was as beautiful as it had been during any part of the two days, especially when we looked back at the mass of snow-shrouded peaks. Then the lake opened, the shores became clear of wood, the mountains lower, and near the eastern end, where there were only low rolling hills, we came to the little village of Bariloche.

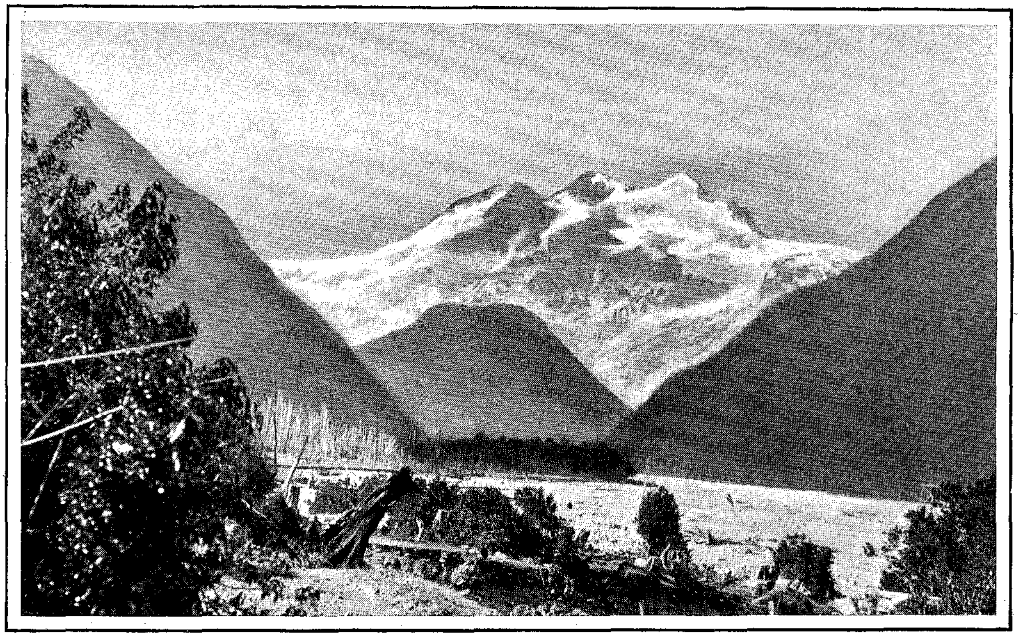
Bariloche is a real frontier village. Forty years ago Dr. Moreno, who was with us, had been captured by Indians at this very spot, had escaped from them, and after days of extraordinary hardship had reached safety. He showed us a strange giant pine tree, of a kind different from any of our Northern cone-bearers, near which the Indians had camped while he was prisoner with them. He had



PHOTOGRAPH BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT

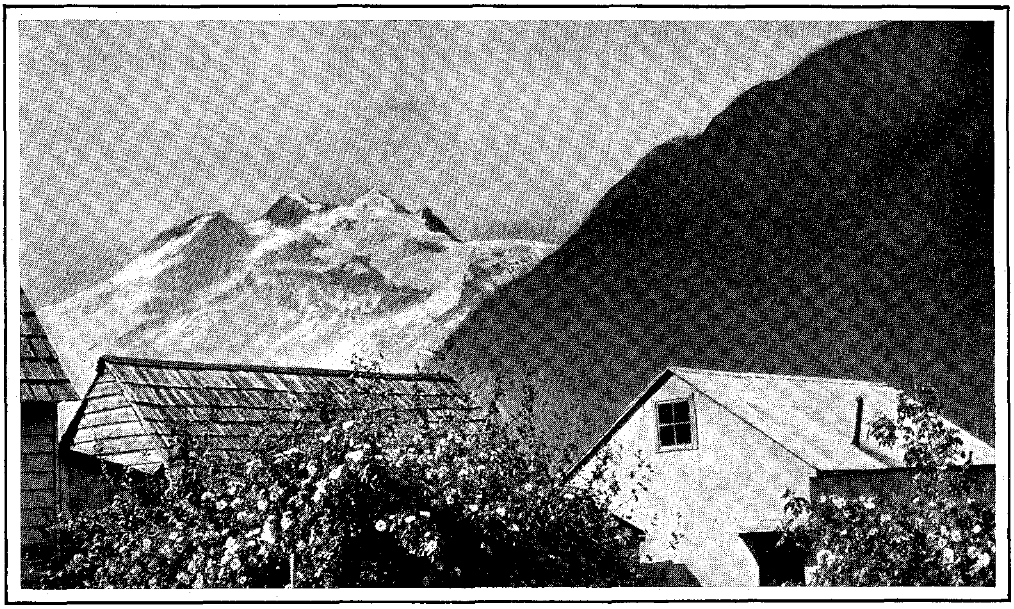
A VIEW ON LAKE LLANQUIHUE

Showing on the right one of the settlers' clearings along the lake shores, and in the background the snow-clad Andes. The mountain with the broken cone is a volcano



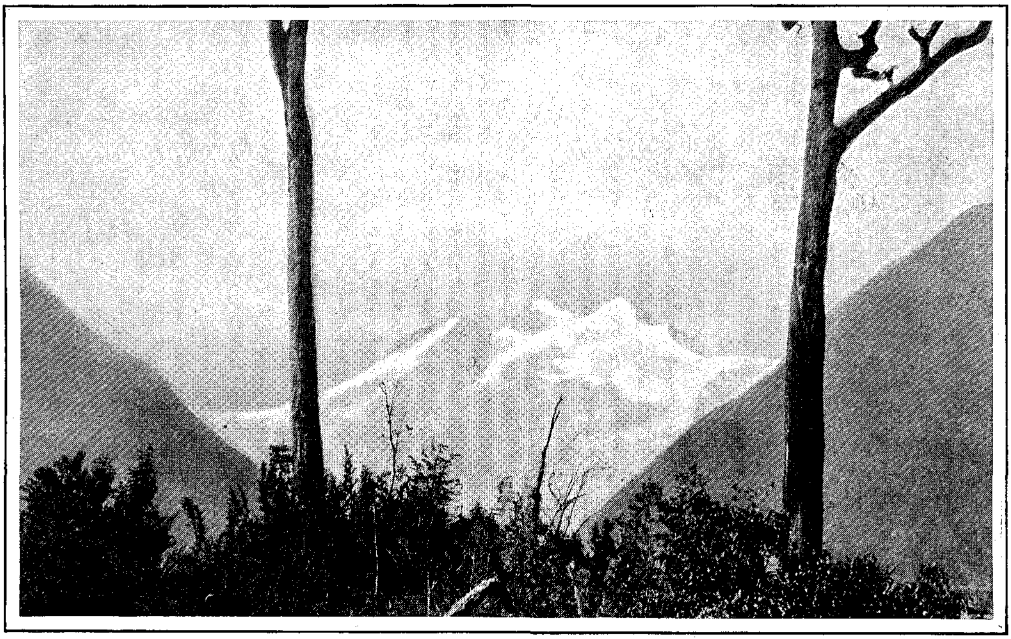
PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARPER

IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE WIDE, RUSHING RIVER WHOSE SOURCE IS IN THE CAVE OF THE MIGHTY TRONADOR IN THE BACKGROUND



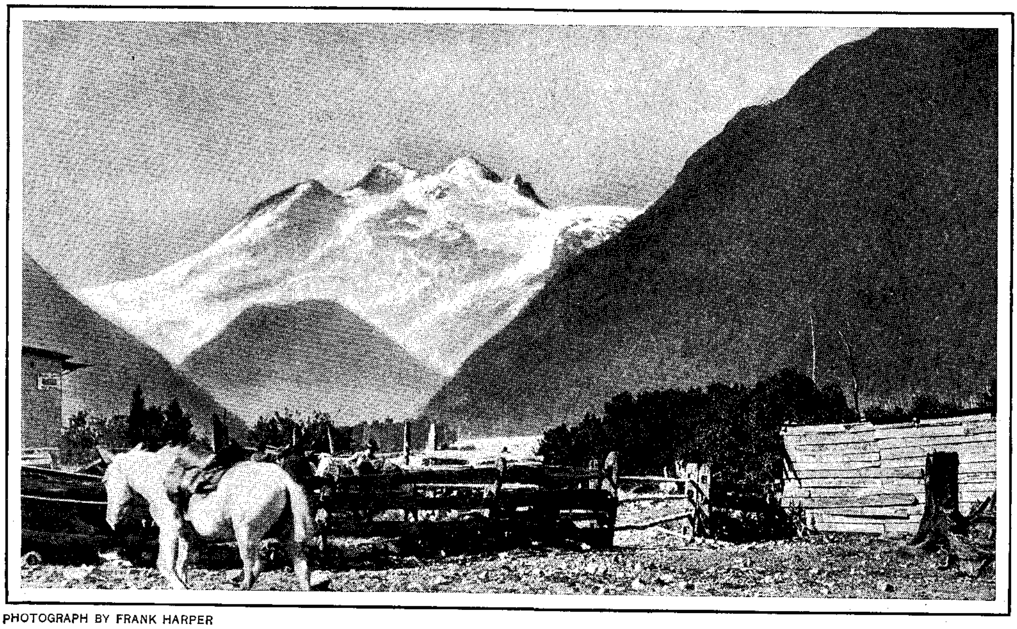
PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARPER

BEAUTIFUL ROSES IN THE FOREGROUND, WITH THE SNOW-CAPPED PEAK OF TRONADOR IN THE DISTANCE



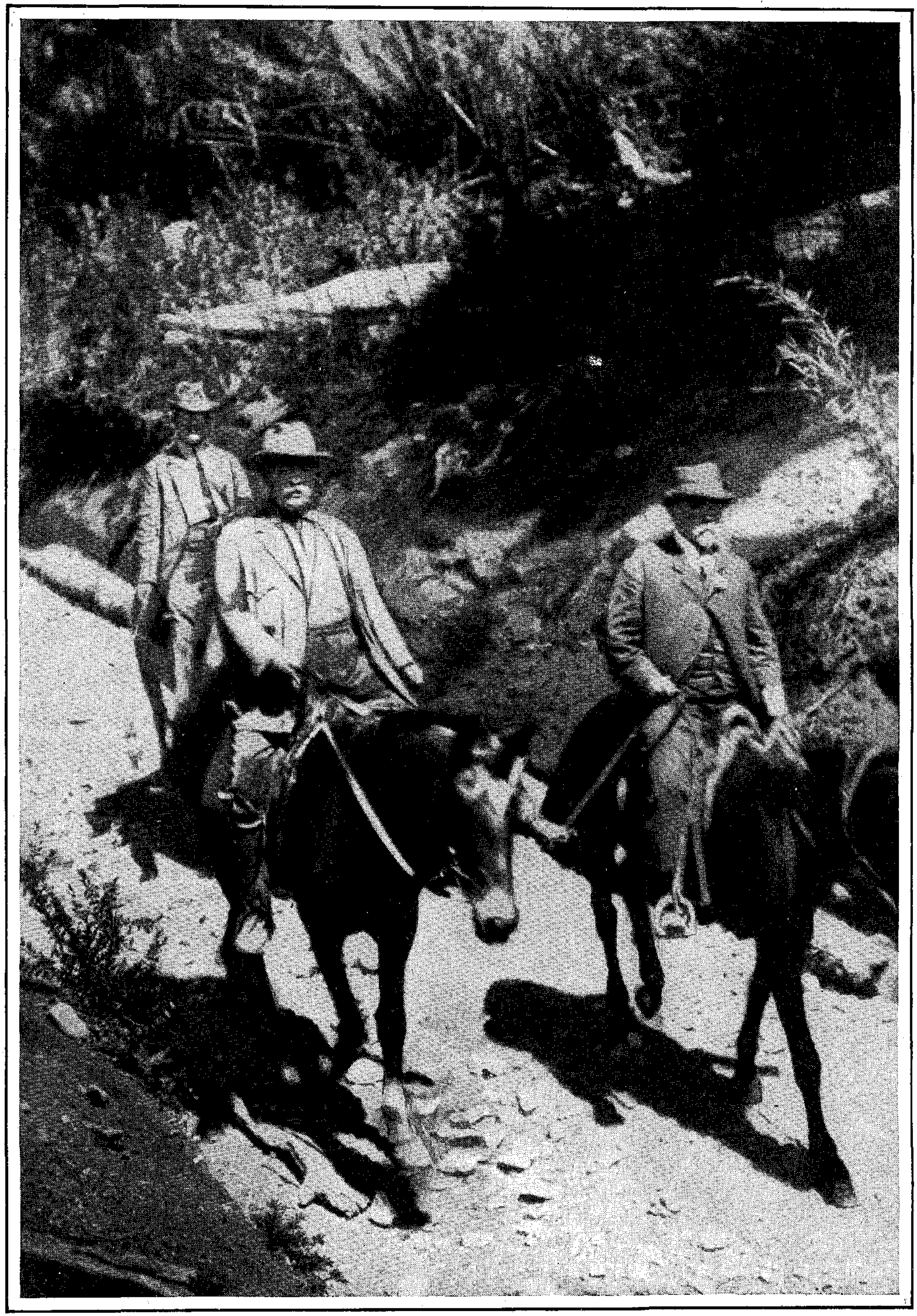
PHOTOGRAPH BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT

LOOKING AT TRONADOR FROM ONE OF THE BRIDLE PATHS IN THE MOUNTAINS



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARPER

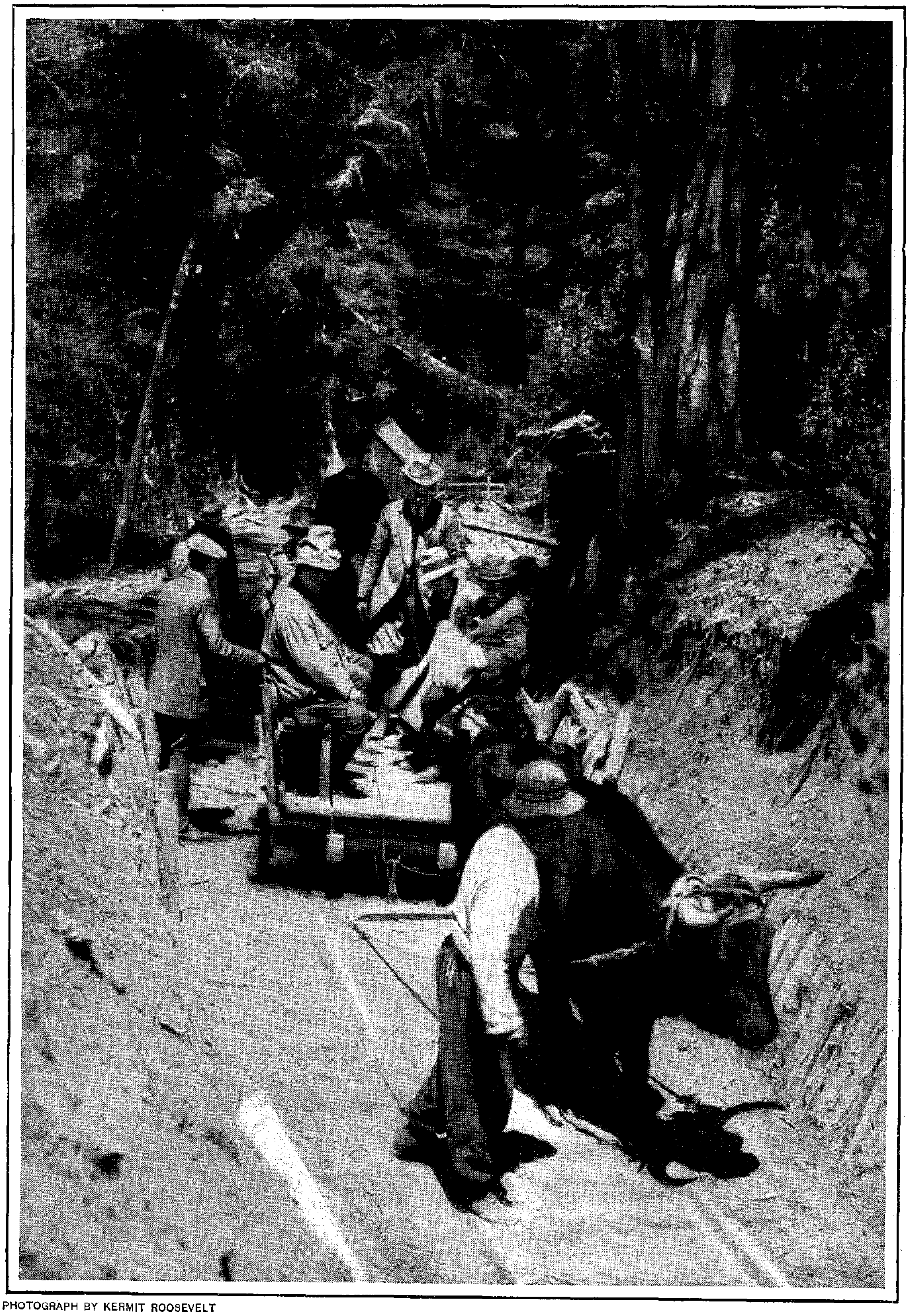
VIEW OF TRONADOR FROM A LITTLE FARM-HOUSE IN THE ANDES WHERE THE PARTY RESTED FOR A FEW MINUTES TO CHANGE HORSES



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARPER

TRAVELING THROUGH THE ANDES

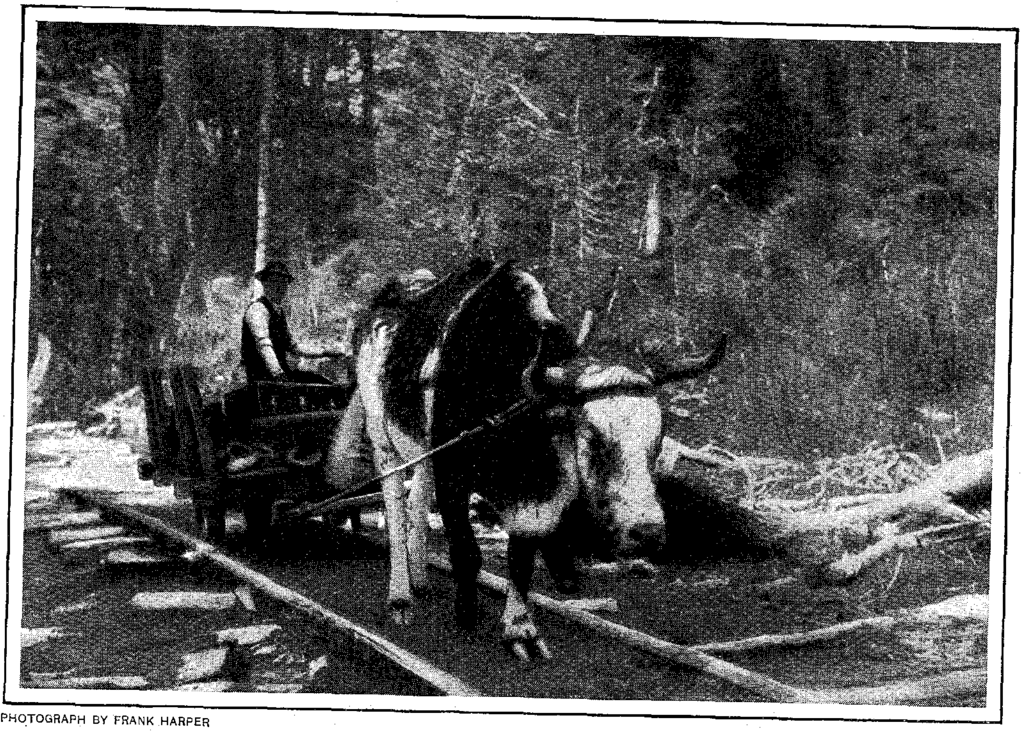
On the left is Colonel Roosevelt, on the right Dr. Moreno, and in the back the Chief of the Argentine Department of the Interior



PHOTOGRAPH BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT

IN THE OX-DRAWN CART

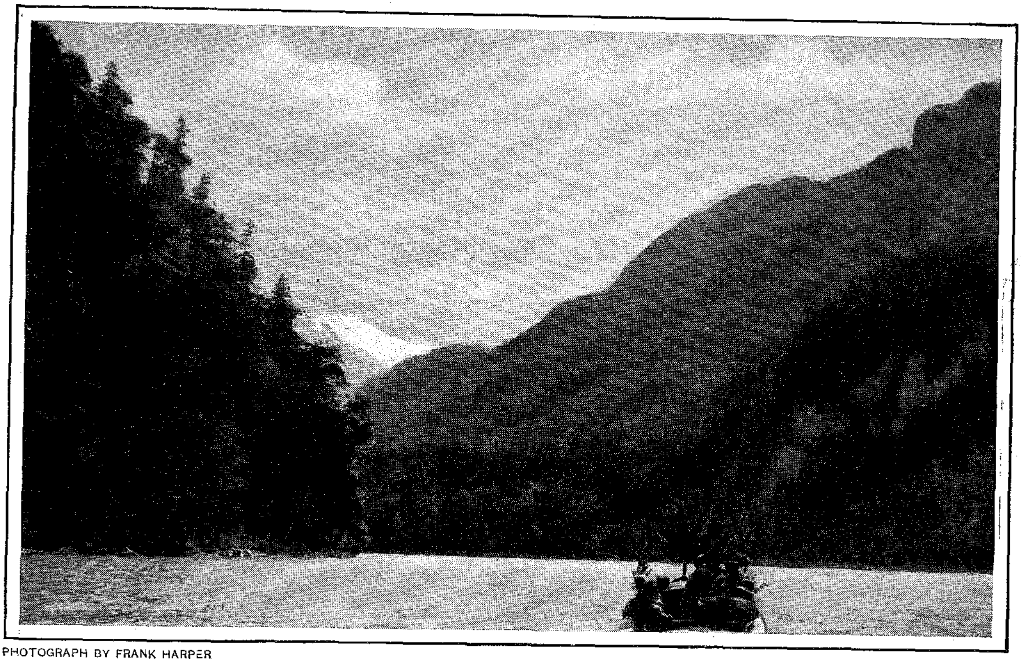
The little wooden railway between Lake Fria and Lake Nahuel Huapi—" the quaintest wooden railway, with a couple of rough hand-cars, each dragged by an ox "



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARPER

TAKING THE BAGGAGE FROM LAKE FRIA TO LAKE NAHUEL HUAPI

This little railway is made entirely of wood, including the tracks on which the carts run



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARPER

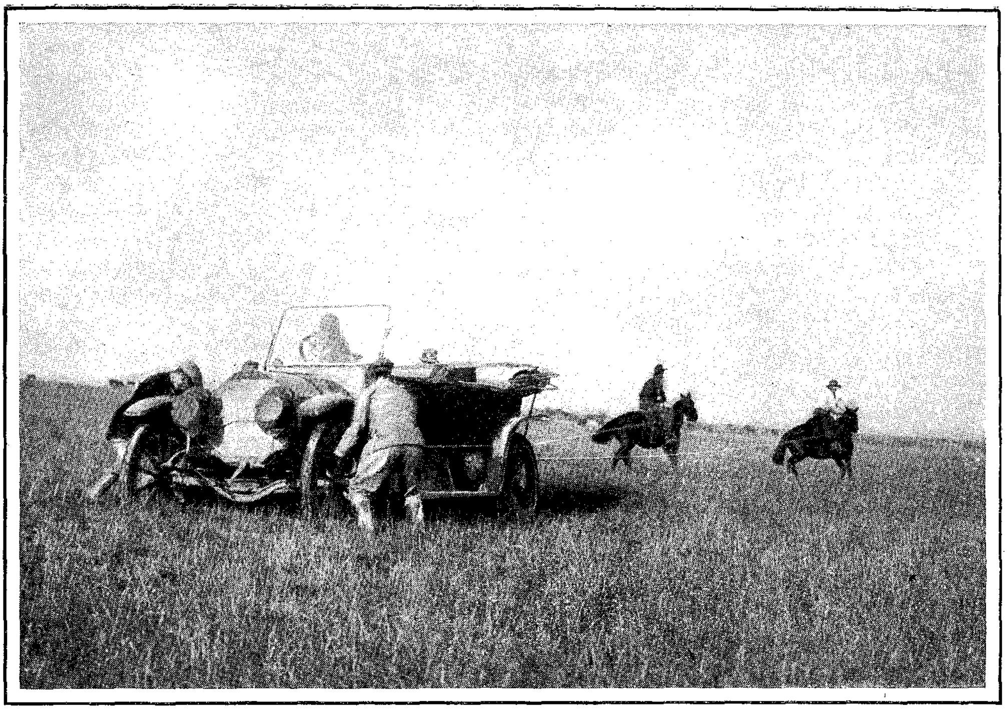
ON LAKE FRIA

"A wonderfully beautiful little lake of lovely green water." The last but one of the lakes crossed by the party persuaded the settlers to have this tree preserved, and it is still protected, though slowly dying of old age. The town is nearly four hundred miles from a railway, and the people are of the vigorous, enterprising frontier type. It was like one of our frontier towns in the old-time West as regards the diversity in ethnic type and nationality among the citizens. The little houses stood well away from one another on the broad, rough, faintly marked streets. In one we might see a Spanish family, in another blond Germans or Swiss, in yet another a family of gaucho stock looking more Indian than white. All worked and lived on a footing of equality, and all showed the effect of the widespread educational effort of the Argentine Government; an effort as marked as in our own country, although in the Argentine it is made by the nation instead of by the several States or Territories. We visited the little public school. The two women teachers were, one of Argentine descent, the other the daughter of an English father and an Argentine mother—the girl herself spoke English only with difficulty. They told us that the Germans had a school of their own, but that the Swiss and the other immigrants sent their children to the Government school with the children of the native Argentines. Afterwards I visited the German school, where I was welcomed by a dozen of the German immigrants—men of the same stamp as those whom I had so often seen, and whom I so much admired and liked, in our own Western country. I was rather amused to see in this school, together with a picture of the Kaiser, a very large picture of Martin Luther, although about a third of the Germans were Catholics; their feelings as Germans seemed in this instance to have overcome any religious differences, and Martin Luther was simply accepted as one of the great Germans whose memory they wished to impress on the minds of their children. In this school there was a good little library, all the books being, of course, German; it was the only library in the town.

That night we had a very pleasant dinner. Our host was a German. Of the two ladies who did the honors of the table one was a Belgian, the wife of the only doctor in Bariloche, and the other a Russian. In our own party, aside from the four of us from the United States, there were Colonel Reybaud, of the Argentine army, my aide, and a first-class soldier; Dr. Moreno, who was as devoted a friend as if he had been my aide; and three other Argentine gentlemen—the head of the Interior Department, the Governor of Neuquen, and the head of the Indian Service. Among the other guests was a man originally from County Meath, and a tall, blond, red-bearded Venetian, a carpenter by trade. After a while we got talking of books, and it was fairly startling to see the way that polyglot assemblage brightened when the subject was introduced, and the extraordinary variety of its taste in good literature. The men began eagerly to speak about and quote from their favorite authors—Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Camoëns, Molière, Shakespeare, Virgil, and the Greek dramatists. Our host quoted from the Nibelungenlied and from Homer, and at least two-thirds of the men at the table seemed to have dozens of authors at their tongues' ends. But it was the Italian who capped the climax, for when we touched on Dante he became almost inspired and repeated passage after passage, the majesty and sonorous cadence of the lines thrilling him so that his listeners were almost as much moved as he was. We sat thus for an hour—an unexpected type of *Kaffee Klatsch* for such an outpost of civilization.

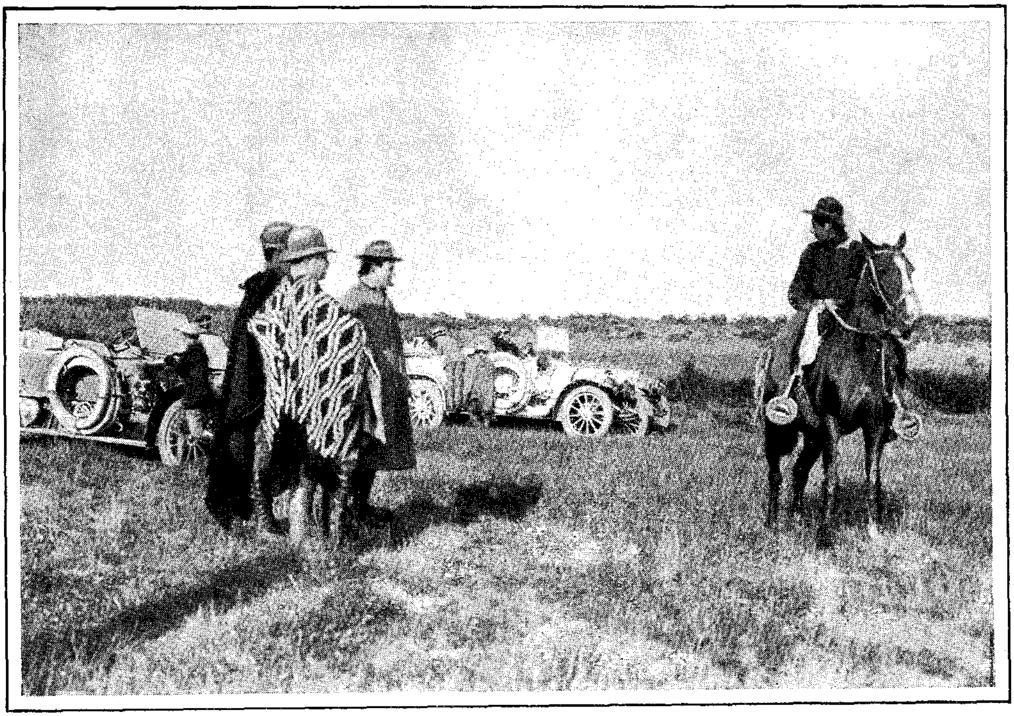
Next morning at five we were off for our four-hundred-mile ride across the Patagonian wastes to the railway at Neuquen. We had been through a stretch of scenery as lovely as can be found anywhere in the world—a stretch that in parts suggested the Swiss lakes and mountains, and in other parts Yellowstone Park or the Yosemite or the mountains near Puget Sound. In a couple of years the Argentines will have pushed their railway system to Bariloche, and then all tourists who come to South America should make a point of visiting this wonderfully beautiful region. It is impossible for me not to believe that in the end it will be developed for travelers much as other regions of great scenic attraction are developed. Thanks to Dr. Moreno, the Argentine end of it is already a national park; I trust the Chilean end soon will be.

We left Bariloche in three motor cars, knowing that we had a couple of hard days ahead of us. After skirting the lake for a mile or two we struck inland over flats and through valleys. We had to cross a rapid river at a riffle where the motor cars were just able to make it. The road consisted only of the ruts made by the passage of the great



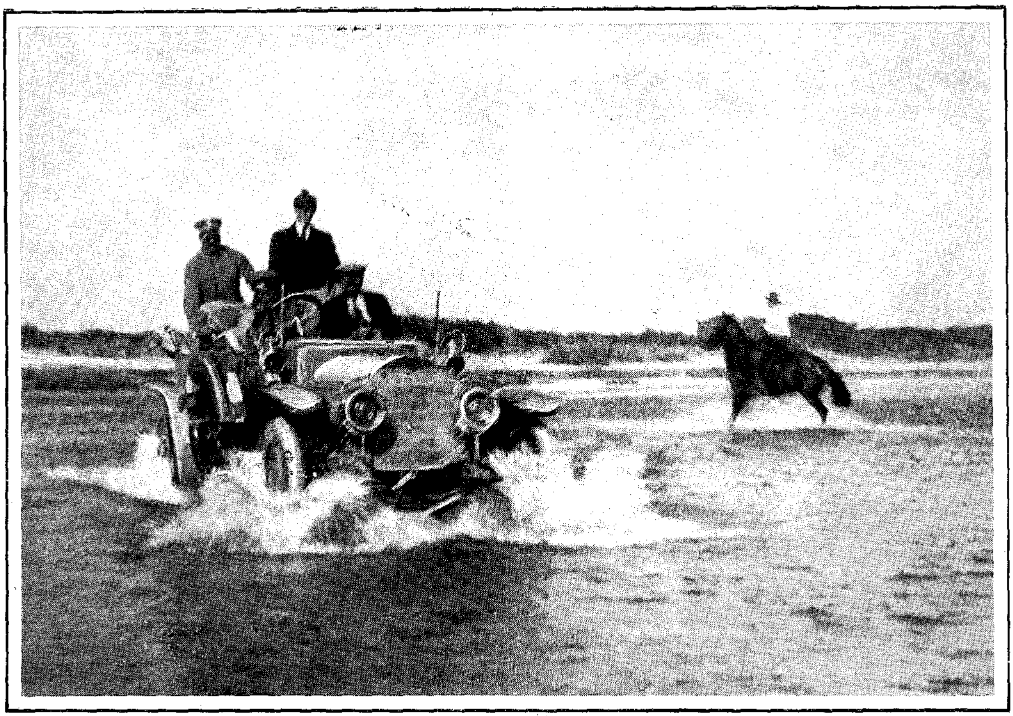
PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARPER

TWO ARGENTINE GAUCHOS PULLING ONE OF THE AUTOMOBILES OUT OF THE HEAVY SAND AND DEEP RUTS MADE BY OX WAGONS



PHOTOGRAPH BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT

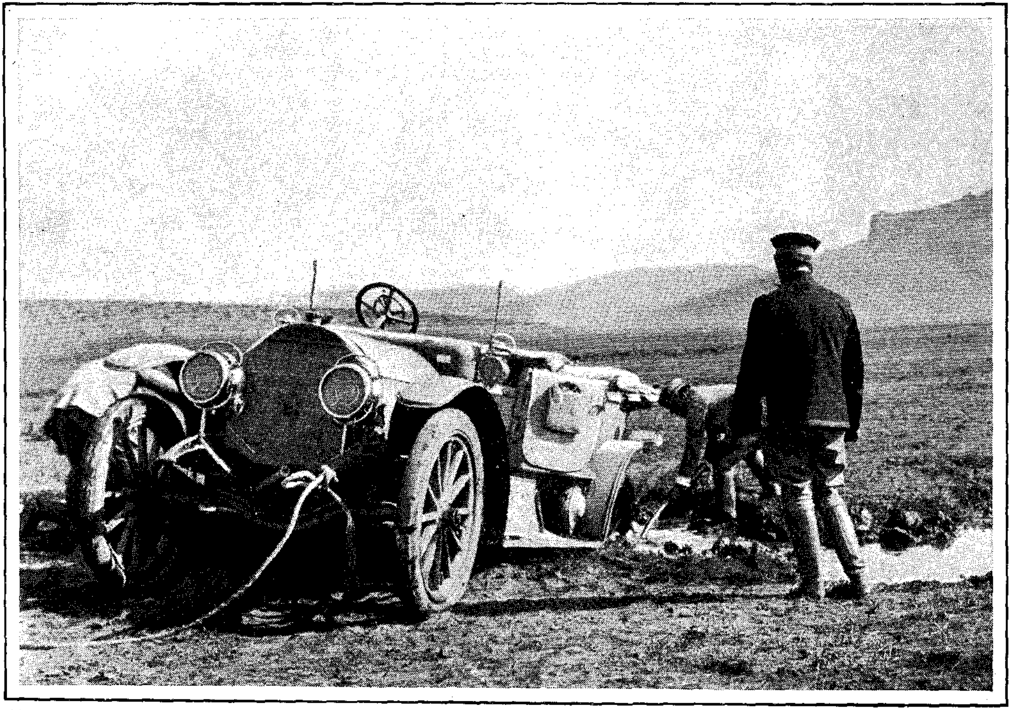
COLONEL ROOSEVELT IN HIS INDIAN PONCHO WATCHING A GAUCHO, WHILE THE MOTOR CARS ARE PREPARED FOR A NEW START



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARPER

MOTOR-FORDING ONE OF THE WIDE, RAPID RIVERS IN THE PATAGONIAN "WASTES"

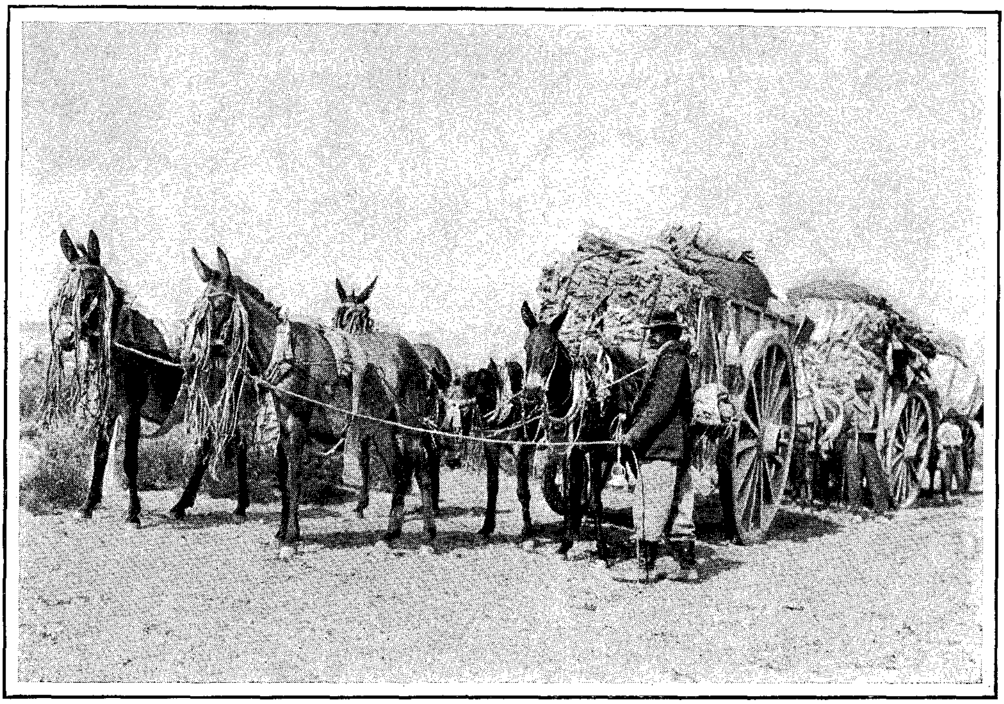
These rivers will one day supply water for the vast irrigation works planned by the Government in this section of Argentina



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARPER

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS ONE OF THE AUTOMOBILES WOULD FAIL IN CROSSING A SMALL STREAM

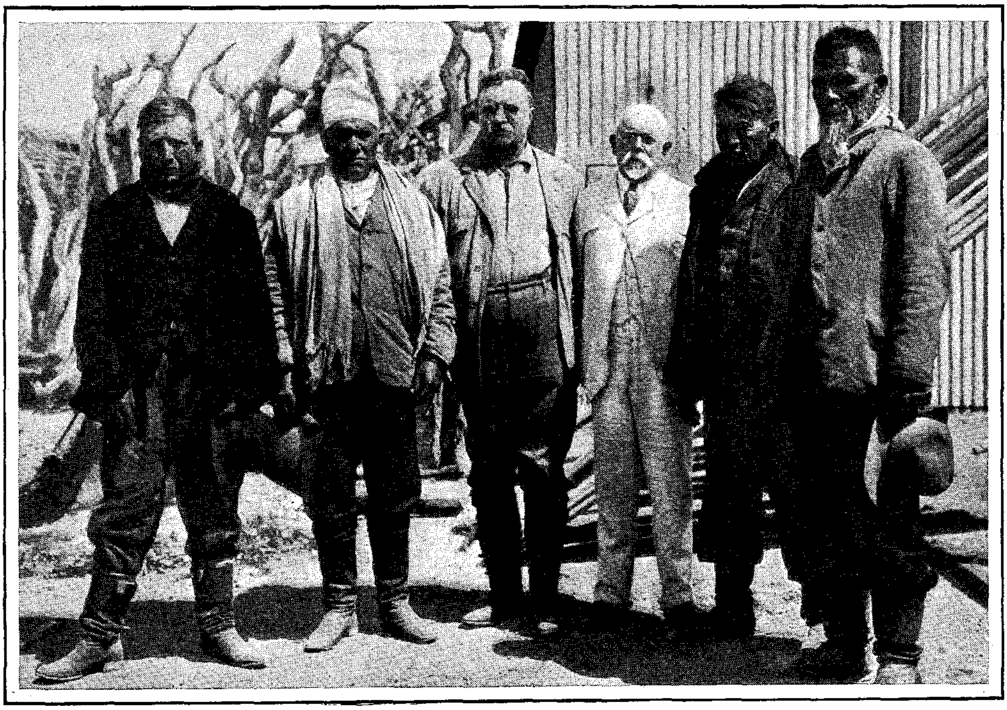
This picture shows the men digging out the mud in the stream and inserting stones in order to build a causeway under the wheels



PHOTOGRAPH BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT

THE GREAT TWO-WHEELED CARTS CARRYING HIDES AND WOOL FROM THE RANCHES TO NEUQUEN TO BE SHIPPED EASTWARD

It is often a journey of three or four weeks across the lone plains, the men camping and resting their mules by the roadside



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HARPER

COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND DR. MORENO WITH FOUR ARGENTINE INDIANS

The Indians now remaining are, like our own Indians, fast becoming civilized, and there are but few now left in their savage state. Indeed, the Indian on abandoning paganism drops the title "Indian" and calls himself in contrast "Christian"!

bullock carts, and often we had to go alongside it, or leave it entirely where at some crossing of a small stream the ground looked too boggy for us to venture in with the motor cars. Three times in making such a crossing one of the cars bogged down, and we had hard work in getting out. In one case it caused us two hours' labor in building a stone causeway under and in front of the wheels—repeating what I had helped do not many months before in Arizona, when we struck a place where a cloudburst had taken away the bridge across a stream and a good part of the road that led up to it on either side.

In another place the leading car got into heavy sand and was unable to move. A party of gauchos came loping up, and two of them tied their ropes to the car and pulled it backwards on to firm ground. These gauchos were a most picturesque set. They were riding good horses, strong and hardy and wild, and the men were consummate horsemen, utterly indifferent to the sudden leaps and twists of the nervous beasts they rode. Each wore a broad silver-studded belt, with a long knife thrust into it. Some had their trousers in boots, others wore baggy breeches gathered in at the ankle. The saddles, unlike our cow saddles, had no horns, and the rope when in use was attached to the girth ring. The stirrups were the queerest of all. Often they were heavy, flat disks, the terminal part of the stirrup leather being represented by a narrow metal, or stiff leather, bar a foot in length. A slit was cut in the heavy flat disk big enough to admit the toe of the foot, and with this type of stirrup, which to me would have been almost as unsatistory as no stirrup at all, they sat their bucking or jumping horses with complete indifference.

It was gaucho land through which we were traveling. Every man in it was born to the saddle. We saw tiny boys not only riding but performing all the duties of full-grown men in guiding loose herds or pack-animals. No less characteristic than these daredevil horsemen were the lines of great two-wheeled carts, each dragged by five mules, three in the lead, with two wheelers, or else perhaps drawn by four or six oxen. For the most part these carts were carrying wool or hides. Occasionally we came on great pastures surrounded by wire fences. Elsewhere the stony, desolate land lay as it had lain from time immemorial. We saw many flocks of sheep, and many herds of horses, among which piebald horses were unusually plentiful. There were a good many cattle too, and on two or three occasions we saw flocks of goats. It was a wild, rough country, and in such a country life is hard for both man and beast. Everywhere along the trail were the skeletons and dried carcasses of cattle, and occasionally horses. Yet there were almost no carrion birds, no ravens or crows, no small vultures, although once very high up in the air we saw a great condor. Indeed, wild life was not plentiful, although we saw ostriches—the South American rhea—and there was an occasional guanaco or wild llama. Foxes were certainly plentiful, because at the squalid little country stores there were hundreds of their skins and also many skunk skins.

Now and then we passed ranch houses. There might be two or three fairly close together, then again we might travel for twenty miles without a sign of a habitation or a human being. In one case there was a cluster of buildings and a little schoolhouse. We stopped to shake hands with the teacher. Some of the ranch houses were cleanly built and neatly kept, shade trees being planted round about—the only trees we saw during the entire motor journey. Other houses were slovenly huts of mud and thatch, with a brush corral near by. Around these houses the bare dirt surface was filthy and unkempt, and covered with a litter of the skulls and bones of sheep and oxen, fragments of skin and hide, and odds and ends of all kinds, foul to every sense.

Every now and then along the road we came to a solitary little store. If it was very poor and squalid, it was called a *pulperia*; if it was large, it was called an *almacen*. Inside there was a rough floor of dirt or boards, and a counter ran round it. At one end of the counter was the bar, at which drinks were sold. Over the rest of the counter the business of the store proper was done. Hats, blankets, horse gear, rude articles of clothing, and the like were on the shelves or hung from rings in the ceiling. Sometimes we saw gauchos drinking at these bars—rough, wild-looking men, some of them more than three parts Indian, others blond, hairy creatures with the northern blood showing obviously. Although they are dangerous men when angered, they are generally polite, and we had no trouble with them. Hides, fox skins, and the like are brought by them for sale or for barter.

Order is kept by the mounted territorial police, an excellent body, much like the Canadian mounted police. These men are alert and soldierly, with fine horses, well-kept arms, and smart uniforms. Many of them were obviously mainly, and most of them were partly, of Indian blood. As I have already explained, I think the Indian blood on the whole a distinct addition to the race stock when the ancestral Indian tribe is of the right kind. The Acting President of the Argentine during my visit, the Vice-President, a very able and forceful man, wealthy, well educated, a thorough statesman and man of the world, and a delightful companion, had a strong strain of Indian blood in him.

Indeed, it seemed to me that the people I met used "Indian" as having a theological rather than a racial significance. In one place where we stopped four Indians came in to see us. The chief or head man looked like a thorough Indian. He might have been a Sioux or a Comanche. One of his companions was apparently a half-breed, showing strong Indian features, however. A third had a full beard, and, though he certainly did not look like a white man, no less certainly he did not look like an Indian. The fourth was considerably more white than Indian. He had a long beard, being dressed, as were the others, in shabby white man's garb. He looked much more like one of the poorer class of Boers than like any Indian I have ever seen. I saw this man talking to two of the mounted police. They were smart, well-set-up men, thoroughly identified with the rest of the population, and regarding themselves and being regarded by others as on the same level with their fellow-citizens. Yet they were obviously far more Indian in blood than was the unkempt bearded white man to whom they were talking, and whom they and their fellows spoke of as an Indian, while they spoke of themselves, and were spoken of by others, as "Christians." "Indian" seemed to be the term reserved for the Indians who were still pagans and who still kept up a certain tribal relation. Whenever an Indian adopted Christianity in the excessively primitive form known to the gauchos, came out to live with the whites, and followed the ordinary occupations, he seemed to be promptly accepted as a white man, no different from any one else. The Indians, by the way, now have property, and are well treated. Nevertheless the pure stock is dying out, and those that survive are being absorbed in the rest of the population.

The various accidents we met with during the forenoon delayed us, and we did not take breakfast—or, as we at home would call it, lunch—until about three o'clock in the afternoon. We had then halted at a big group of buildings which included a store and a Government telegraph office. The store was a long, whitewashed, one-story house, the bedrooms in the rear, and all kinds of outbuildings round about. In some corrals near by a thousand sheep were being sheared. Breakfast had been long deferred, and we were hungry. But it was a feast when it did come, for two young sheep or big lambs were roasted whole before a fire in the open, and were then set before us; the open-air cook was evidently of almost pure Indian blood.

On we went with the cars, with no further accidents and no trouble except once in crossing a sand belt. The landscape was parched and barren. Yet its look of almost inconceivable desolation was not entirely warranted, for in the flats and valleys water could evidently be obtained a few feet below the surface, and where it was pumped up anything could be grown on the soil.

But, unless thus artificially supplied, water was too scarce to permit any luxuriance of growth. Here and there were stretches of fairly good grass, but on the whole the country was covered with dry scrub a foot or two high, rising in clumps out of the earth or gravel or sand. The hills were stony and bare, sometimes with flat, sheer-sided tops, and the herds of half-wild horses and of cattle and sheep, and the even wilder riders we met, and the squalid little ranch houses, all combined to give the landscape a peculiar touch.

As evening drew on, the harsh, raw sunlight softened. The hills assumed a myriad tints as the sun sank. The long gloaming followed. The young moon hung overhead, well toward the west, and just on the edge of the horizon the Southern Cross stood upside down. Then clouds came up, boding a storm. The night grew black, and on we went through the darkness, the motormen clutching the steering-wheels and peering anxiously forward as they strove to make out the ruts and faint road-marks in the shifting glare of the headlights. The play of the lightning and the rolling of the thunder came nearer and nearer. We were evidently in for a storm, which would probably have brought us to a complete halt, and we looked out for a house to stop at. At 10:15 we caught a glimpse of a long white building on one side of the road. It was one of the stores of which I have spoken. With some effort we roused the people, and after arranging the motor cars we went inside. They were good people. They got us eggs and coffee, and, as we had a cold pig, we fared well. Then we lay down on the floor of the store and on the counters and slept for four hours.

At three we were up again, and started as soon as the faint gray of the dawn enabled us to see the road. The sunrise was glorious. We came out from among the hills on to vast barren plains, and drove at speed over them. Before leaving we had had bread and coffee, and ten hours later, at two in the afternoon, we halted at another little store, which, curiously enough, was kept by Syrian immigrants, and there ate another meal of cold meat, eggs, and bread, and resumed our journey. At one spot we struck a couple of miles of heavy sand, and here we were met by some mounted police, who with ropes helped two of the cars which stuck at intervals.

It was then after sunset, and when we reached the Rio Negro all light was just dying out of the sky and a heavy storm was coming up. There is a rope ferry across the river, and after some argument with the ferryman, who objected to crossing in the storm, we managed to get over, and then, driving the cars through fiords and up sand-hills as best we could, we reached the train at ten o'clock, after eighteen hours' hard going. We were healthily tired and hungry, we had had a delightful trip, and we slept well that night.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF FREE LECTURES

BY CHARLES F. HORNE

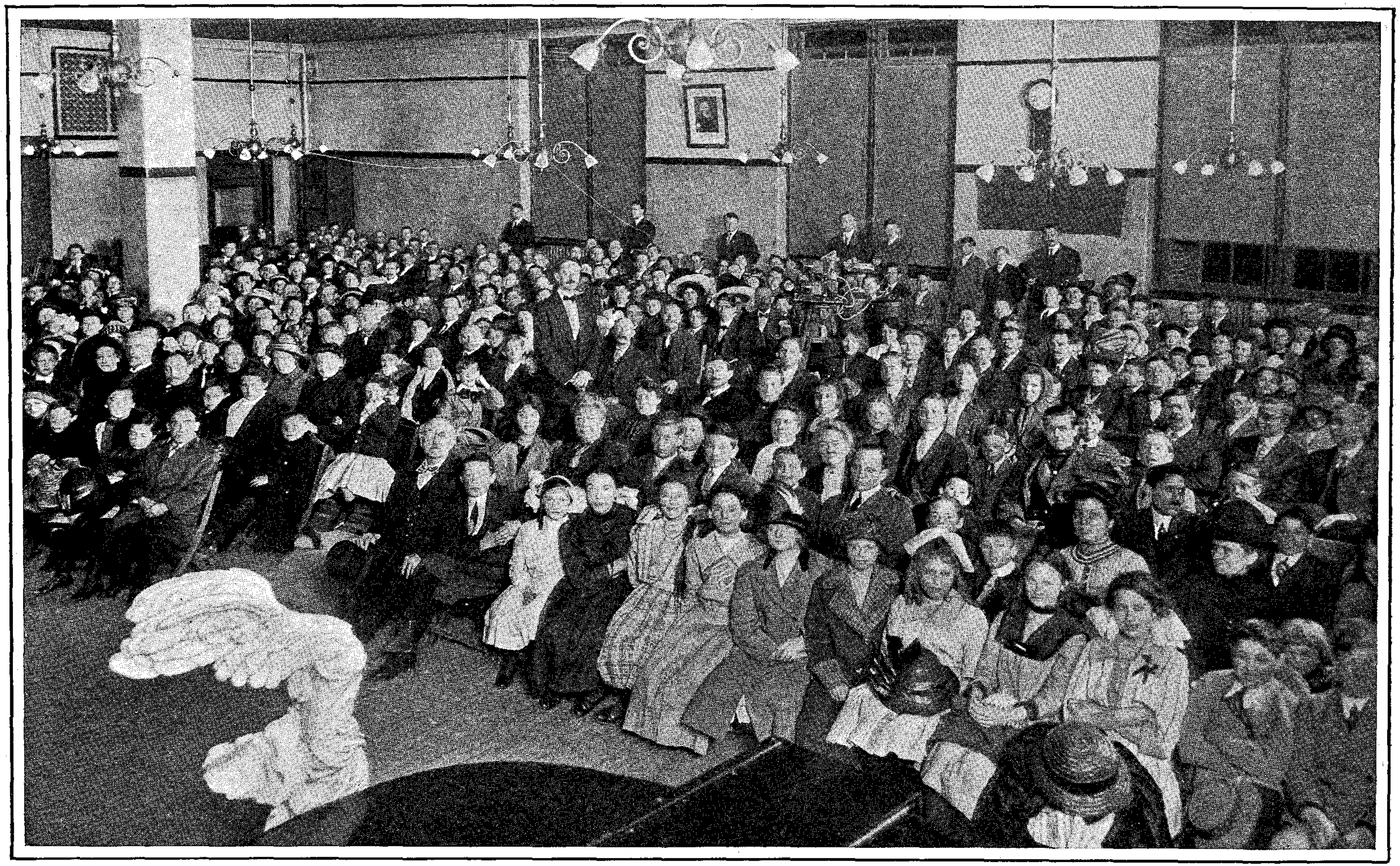
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH AND LITERATURE AT THE
COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

WE New Yorkers have a rather exuberant habit of celebrating many anniversaries of many, many kinds. Seldom, however, do we approach one of these so well deserving of grateful remembrance by all our people as the anniversary which will come, and probably pass rather quietly, on May 1 of the present year. That day will mark the completion of twenty-five years of free lectures given to our people by our city under the auspices of the Board of Education.

Sending the adult to school again! It is not an easy task, and a quarter-century ago no modern community had ventured to attempt it. But to our city the problem was one almost of life and death. A vast populace of earnest but ignorant foreigners are constantly crowding in upon our own half-educated masses. Power, infinite power, is among us in that horde of eager faces upturned toward the light. But it is power still undeveloped, and therefore dangerous—power still enchained in semi-darkness.

So it was to open the doors of knowledge to the adult that the New York Public Lecture System was started in 1889. It was a lusty babe even in the first of its twenty-five years. Some thirty lectures were given in each of half a dozen halls. To-day the system has become a giant indeed, finding voice in nearly two hundred halls and over seven hundred lecturers. Similar systems, offsprings of this parent one, have started in dozens of other cities both in America and abroad.

Just how much do you, personally, know about this New York Public Lecture System, which has been called "the greatest university ever conceived"? I still meet occasionally the acquaintance who asks me, idly, "Well, who gives these lectures, anyway; and where; and why? And who goes to them?" You will recognize that type of inquirer. He is the hidebound New Yorker who has made his little financial success and got hopelessly engulfed in the idea that New York consists solely of a glittering cluster of theaters and hotels, with a swift automobile path stretching in a thin thread between



AUDIENCE AT A LECTURE CENTER IN THE BOROUGH OF QUEENS them. Of course that man has almost ceased to live in our real city. He has ceased altogether to count as a force in its real existence.

Outside of his narrow-mindedness, I find our community divided into three classes in its attitude toward these Public Lectures. First, there is the man who does not attend them. He is too tired after his day's work, or he was so bored by school in his youth that he has ever since turned a resentful back on everything labeled "education." He is the man I want to reach and speak to now. I want to urge him to try the Public Lectures once. Begin with something simple—one of the talks on music, for instance. These are not like mere concerts, from which a man who does not understand music may come away knowing no more about it than when he went in, and caring less. Here some one explains just what is worth while about a bit of good music; and then it is sung as it should be sung. Thus the listener is aided, guided, into appreciation, and so into a world of permanent pleasure.

Or try a "travelogue." More than one of these is being given somewhere in our city every night of the lecture season. Some of them are accompanied by moving pictures and all the rest of the paraphernalia, exactly the kind of affair you pay a dollar or more to attend when some widely advertised lecturer presents it at a big theater. Only now you go quietly, without any preliminary turmoil, to a school-house, or maybe a public library, and walk right in without a ticket, and the lecturer you listen to has not had a manager paying thousands of dollars to advertise him. So, if you are of the unhappy type who never form any judgments except those driven into their headpieces by the sledgehammer of repeated and blatant advertisements, you may fail to recognize that one of these talkers is just about as interesting as the other.

If you go once to one of these simple entertainments, you will go again. And as you find how much of knowledge, of pleasure, of a wider horizon of ideas, they are adding to your life, you will begin to look for such of the Public Lectures as have more to say, as go more deeply into science and into life. Whatever theme you individually desire, no matter how simple or how abstruse, you can find it offered at some Public Lecture center. More than thirty lectures are being thus delivered each night through all the season.

Entering on this easy, untechnical way of absorbing knowledge, you will soon find your dread of things educational turning to eagerness. That means, you will have joined the second class of our citizens in your attitude toward the lectures—you will have become a "regular attendant."

You will be in good company there, and in a vast company. Considerably more than a million people attended the Public Lectures last season. The total attendance exceeded by a hundred thousand that of the preceding year, and the number promises to mount next season by another step as huge. And you will meet there our *best* people—best in the sense of the most earnest, most thoughtful, most friendly. The regular attendants at each center soon come to know one another and to form a social group, the intellectual "headquarters" of the neighborhood. The lectures appeal to the "best people" in another sense also. Do not think that they are attended only, or even chiefly, by the poor and ignorant. The poet Edwin Markham came for years to almost every lecture at the hall nearest his Staten Island home. Every lecturer who journeyed over there knew him well. Congressman Littleton was once among the most resolute lecture-goers on Washington Heights. I had the president of a huge electrical company in my audience a few weeks ago; and a doctor of National fame attended regularly through my entire winter's course last year.

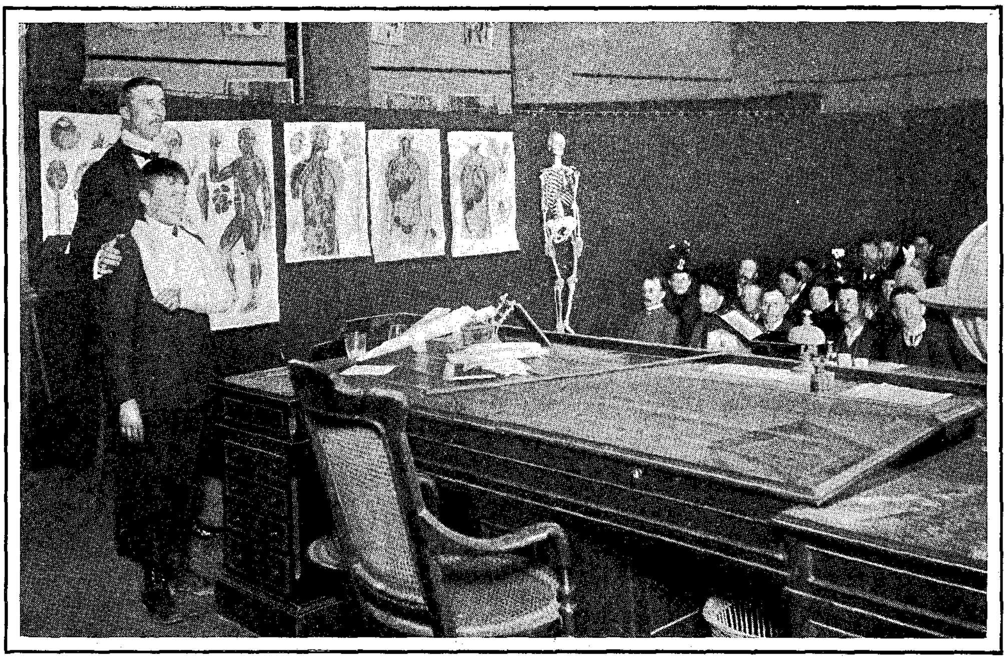
When you enroll yourself in that huge army of students—students of life—and so become part of this vastest and most simply administered of universities, you will come to know New York in a new light, you will be awakened to its real value and come to be earnestly thankful that your lot has been cast in this city, which really does more for its people than any other city has ever done.

That, then, is the audience's view-point toward the lectures. How do I know? Because I have been lecturing in the system for over ten years past, and so belong to the third class of our citizens—those who view this great undertaking from the inside. Like all of those actually engaged in the work, I am enthusiastic about its value. I *know*. The crowd who gather round me for discussion at the end of each lecture, these have taught me. They have given me more, perhaps, than I have given them. If they, many of them, are uneducated in the book sense, they have been educated by experience. They talk frankly, viewing all learning from the personal standpoint, measuring each idea by its influence on their own lives. There is no wrapping of a subject in a mist of vague words for such audiences. You have got to think clearly, simply, and right to the bottom of things, to discuss with these people. They are immigrants, many of them, who bring the experience and tragedy of foreign lands wherewith to test our theories. They speak to me with confidence; because I come speaking to them a real message. Human souls made visible have often walked away with me after a lecture, under the silent stars. Stirred out of the body's dark secretiveness by the talk of the evening, they have poured out their inmost selves. And I have tried to help them, not as teacher to pupil, but as one human spirit to another.

And these auditors are so eager for knowledge! Not only the foreigners, but the Americans. On the worst night of the baby blizzard we had in February I had a lecture at the center in East Fifty-eighth Street, a district with scarcely any foreigners. There were no cars running that night; there was scarcely any one afoot in the streets. Before starting on the heavy tramp across town I said, "I suppose no one will be there. A pity I cannot be sure that everybody will have sense enough to stay at home. Then I could stay myself." When I struggled into that hall, I found one hundred and fifty-seven auditors awaiting me. The lecture was on Victor Hugo; just talk, no pictures, no experiments, no music. All those auditors had fought their way to the hall just to hear what a trusted friend had to tell them about a far-off Frenchman—or, rather, about the values of romance for the common life.

We try to reach even the newest comers, the most foreign, of the immigrants. Lectures are given in Italian, in German, in Yiddish. And oh, how gratefully they listen! If you could only look down, as I do, into those upturned faces! You think the foreigner can't understand? Why, just to illustrate: Last year I gave a course of thirty lectures far over on the East Side to an audience composed almost wholly of foreign-born Hebrews, and they kept coming to the lecture hall, and bringing their friends, more and more of them as the course went on, till we had an average attendance of over a hun-

A LECTURE ON CHEMISTRY



A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION IN FIRST AID TO THE INJURED

dred and fifty for the winter. The theme of the course was man's development as shown by his fiction, the stories he has told through all the past. Naturally I used the stories as a text for discussing man—human nature. And those eager thinkers listened, making notes, as I had suggested to them; and after each lecture they argued, agreeing or disagreeing with my views according as their own stern teacher—life—had taught them. One auditor, whom I never met personally, wrote me a letter after the course, saying, "You have changed my entire attitude toward life, giving me a happier and saner outlook." Wasn't that worth working for? And my colleagues in the work could tell you similar tales.

Indeed, if a lecturer is not enthusiastic over this work, he does not remain long in the system. He finds little other inducement. They tell me this is the most economically run department of the entire city. On the other hand, the strain on the lecturer is heavy. Some of the audiences, as at the Museum of Natural History, reach to fourteen hundred people; and the energy which a speaker must expend, the effort to hold the attention of every individual there for an hour or more and to give each one something of real value, is enormous.

Then the amount of travel one has to do! We often speak of it jestingly among ourselves at the "Lecturers' Dinner" at which we gather every year to celebrate the fact that we are through. Nobody really knows how big New York City is, nor how imperfect are its communications of trolley and ferry and railway, till he has explored it as we lecturers do. There is one place down on Staten Island—the lecturer knows he is still in the city when he reaches his destination because the map says so; but the inhabitants call the place Linoleumville. In its earlier days, some poet started the settlement enthusiastically by naming it "New Blazing Star." But several linoleum factories were established there, and—well, fact proved stronger than fiction. To get there from any of the other boroughs you go first by the subway, then by boat, then by train, and then by trolley; and after all that some one must meet you with a horse and drive you over two miles to the lecture hall. Yet even after all that journey to Linoleumville, when you—or if you—finally arrive, the eager, upturned faces of the audience make the work well "worth while."

Another reason why a lecturer does not continue with the system unless he is giving it his best effort, his best self, is because he cannot. Dr. Leipziger, the organizer of the system, the man who has been its director

A LECTURE IN YIDDISH TO FOREIGN-BORN HEBREWS AT THE HALL OF THE HEBREW EDUCATION SOCIETY ever since its second year, has managed to establish a surprisingly active co-ordination among all the members of his widespread university. This he has accomplished by means of letters and reports. Every auditor is repeatedly urged to write to headquarters, stating his opinions of lectures and lecturers, and asking for the kind he personally wishes at his lecture center. The phrase " write to Dr. Leipziger " has become a byword among us, and I sometimes picture the director as completely swamped under the stupendous mass of documents, reports, criticisms, complaints, enthusiasms, which come pouring down on him.

But a system, a complete and dexterously managed system, controls the downpour. Each document has its use; and whatever the director thinks a lecturer should know, as to either the approval or disapproval he has aroused, is at once passed on to him.

Trace that system for just a moment. In a tiny room in a corner of the big Board of Education Building on Fifty-ninth Street sits the director, watchful and resolute, an eagle-eyed, lion-headed man, worn with long effort, but still as enthusiastic, as energetic, and as full of ideas for the betterment of the work as he was twenty-five years ago. Around him in a few cramped rooms are his clerks, headed by his competent assistant director, Mr. Thomas. They sit all boxed around by masses of records showing just what conditions exist in each of the hundred and seventy-two halls in which these lectures are being given, the "lecture centers," scattered through the city. The records tell also just where each of the seven hundred and more lecturers can be found at shortest notice, just what they have done in the past and can be trusted to do now, just what lectures each center has desired, and what each needs. For with each center there is always a triple aim: to attract new listeners, to uplift the tastes of all, and to stimulate their intellectual progress.

Like some far-seeing general, the director maps out his complicated winter's campaign. Then to each center is despatched a local superintendent to take charge of the hall, to summon in the audience, and have all in readiness. He even gathers around him a local committee of regular attendants at the center, and secures their social aid in stirring up interest and " advising " the Fifty-ninth Street office.

Then comes the lecturer, and perhaps a stereopticon man or some other assistant. Moreover, if matters seem at all out of shape an official inspector visits the center quietly, hears the lecture, watches the audience, searches out the difficulties, and reports upon it all. Besides the critic's report the local superintendent writes regular comments back to Fifty-ninth Street; so does the lecturer; so do, in immeasurable numbers, the auditors. Is it any wonder that the man who is too leisurely to exert himself, or too pedantic to talk simple English, or too slow to feel the pulse of the people, is soon driven to a less exacting task?

What are the subjects of the lectures? Everything. They deal with all the problems of life. Our Government is perhaps the foremost theme, the teaching of the principles of democracy, though these are always faced from an absolutely non-partisan standpoint, that has insured to the Public Lecture System the support of every city administration since its beginning. After Government there come lecture courses on history, the vision of the past; literature, the vision of the future; art, the vision of the spirit. Then comes the practical side, the sciences: electricity, chemistry, medicine, " first aid to the injured," etc.; geography, customs and scenes in many lands. It is all dealing with human nature, helping practically, as a university should help.

Let me close as I began, with this: To New York City especially, with its vast inflow of ignorant foreigners, so soon allowed to vote among us, the problem of adult education is of an importance absolutely vital. In this vast lecture system which I have described adult education is at last receiving an attention it never received before, and has as yet received nowhere else in the world. This is the pioneer city in the work. Among us education may one day be—nay, it has even now become—the chief respite and joy of many a worn, life-wearied soul.

You cannot drive an adult to school, but fortunately there is no need. Just throw your school doors open wide enough, call to the man loudly enough, and then convince him that what you have to give is worth his while—and he will come.

REMINISCENCES[1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

CHAPTER V

POLITICS

THE period of which I am writing, 1850–60, is perhaps the most dramatic politically in the history of the country. The Compromise of 1850 was introduced by Henry Clay and supported by Daniel Webster for the purpose of settling the slavery question for all time and taking it out of politics. It had the opposite effect. It fanned the smoldering emblems of popular discontent into a fierce flame of mutual animosity, and proved the precursor of a prolonged and bloody war. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise opened to slavery territory which that Compromise had pledged to freedom, and this repeal intensified in the North distrust of Southern politicians and their Northern allies. The refusal of the Northern reformer to accept the new agreement was taken in the South as a new declaration of war against slavery, and a new argument for a dissolution of the Union. The Fugitive Slave Law brought the slaveholder into the North in pursuit of his escaping slave, and made vivid and real to the North the slave system which had before been remote and dim. The underground railway, organized for the escape of fugitive slaves to Canada, and the resistance offered to the law, sometimes by protracted legal proceedings, sometimes by mobs led by men of National reputation, intensified the indignation of the South against the North.

Senator Douglas's attempt at settlement fared no better than the Compromise measure. His proposal to leave the question of slavery in new territory to be determined by the first settlers was resented as a demand that the Nation abdicate its National prerogative, and leave the future destiny of an imperial domain to be determined by the few thousand pioneers, adventurers, and fortune-seekers who should chance to be the first settlers. The immediate effect of the Nebraska Bill was an organized effort both in the North and in the South to flood the new territory with settlers; the inevitable result was open war between them. The assault on Senator Sumner, unarmed and defenseless, was regarded throughout the North, as Senator Wilson characterized it, as "brutal, murderous, and cowardly," but his assailant, after resigning his seat in the House, was re-elected by his district with only six votes against him. There could be no more convincing evidence of the incalculable difference in moral standards between the two communities. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," written with the purpose of promoting in the North a more charitable feeling toward the South, and so uniting both sections in a common effort for a change, produced the reverse effect; Legree was taken alike in the South and in the North as the author's portrait of the slave-owner. The Dred Scott decision, expected and possibly contrived by politicians to end the agitation by a decree that Congress had no power to exclude slavery from the Territories, simply solidified and intensified the determination in the North to prohibit its extension.

Out of this turmoil of opinion and conflict of endeavor four unorganized and ill-defined parties were gradually evolved:

The Pro-Slavery party.
The Abolition party.
The Unionist party.
The Anti-Slavery party.

The Pro-Slavery party held that slavery was wise for the community, humane for the Negro, supported by Scripture, ordained by God. The object of its adherents was the establishment of a nation based on the subordination of the Negro to the white man. It dominated the South, and had a few logical and courageous representatives in the North. Thus Charles O'Conor, perhaps at that time the ablest lawyer at the New York bar, wrote (January 19, 1860): "Among us at the North, the sole question for reflection, study, and friendly interchange of thought should be, Is Negro slavery unjust? The rational and dispassionate inquirer will find no difficulty in arriving at my conclusion. It is fit and proper; it is in its own nature, as an institution, beneficial to both races; and the effect of this assertion is not diminished by

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[1] Copyright, 1914, the Outlook Company.

our admitting that many faults are practiced under it."

The Abolition party held that slavery was the sum of all villainies; that no laws or compacts or constitutions could justify it; that the duty of the hour was immediate and unconditional emancipation; and that, since under the Constitution the Federal Government both directly and indirectly indorsed slavery, it was the duty of the North to withdraw at once from the Union and so end its responsibility for the crime against humanity. The Abolitionists constituted a very small minority; but made up in ability, eloquence, and, I must add, in dogmatism, what they lacked in numbers.

The Unionist party was composed of men who held diverse opinions respecting slavery, but who agreed that the duty of the hour was to preserve the Union and the Constitution at all hazards, and that this Union and Constitution, founded on compromise, could be sustained only by compromise. It was essentially a party of mediation, and as such was much more opposed to anti-slavery agitation than to the perpetuity or even the extension of slavery. This party in the beginning of the decade dominated the great centers of commerce, the great industrial and commercial organizations, and the great religious societies, and at first very largely the churches.

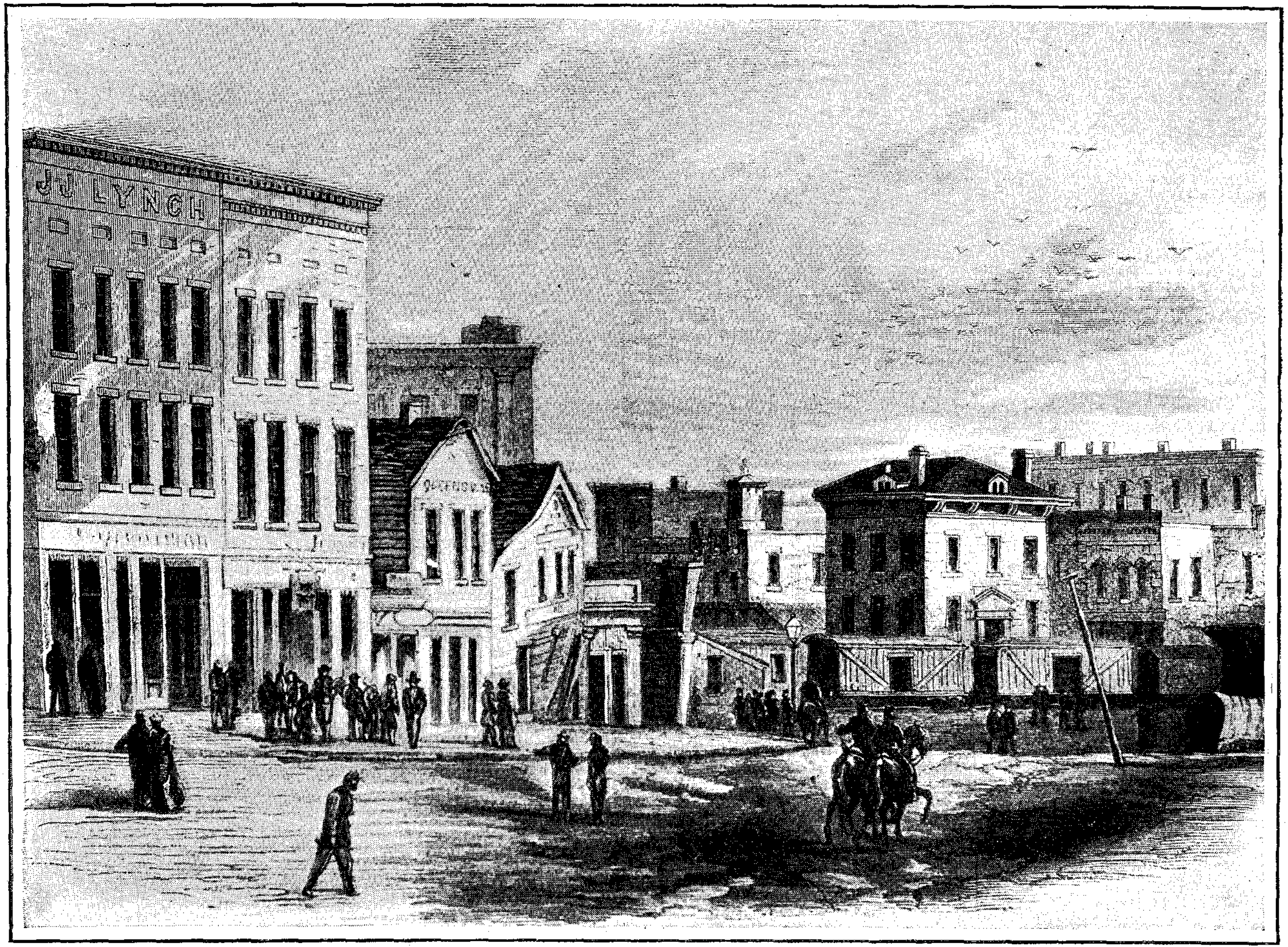
The Anti-Slavery party was composed of those who were opposed to slavery, but who believed that the Nation had no more legal right to interfere with slavery in the States than with serfdom in Russia, but who also believed that it had an absolute Constitutional right to exclude slavery from National Territories; and that if this were done, slavery, forbidden extension, would in time die in the Southern States, with the consent of its present supporters, as it had previously died in the rest of the civilized world. This party included from the first such men as Chase, Seward, Lincoln, and Henry Ward Beecher.

The logical outcome of the Pro-Slavery party was the Southern Confederacy; the logical outcome of the Anti-Slavery party was the Republican party; the logical outcome of the conflict between the two was the Civil War.

My father was temperamentally radical in his purposes but conservative in his methods. I inherited his temperament and received my first political instructions from his counsels. I belonged, therefore, both by temperament and by conviction to the Anti-Slavery party. The impracticable methods and the uncharitable spirit of the Abolitionists were equally abhorrent to me. But the notion of Charles O'Conor that Negro slavery was "an institution beneficial to both races" seemed to me a notion too preposterous for argument. I entered college with a great admiration for Daniel Webster, which I still entertain. I I have never regarded him as an "apostate." The same passion for the Union which inspired his reply to Hayne in 1830 inspired his seventh of March speech in 1850. He saw more clearly than the anti-slavery leaders the real peril of a civil war; he thought such a war could end only in disunion, and with many of his contemporaries he thought that the Nation which had been founded in compromise could be saved only by compromise. That his policy was partly dictated by his ambition for the Presidency I do not doubt. But he who would condemn Daniel Webster for acting under the influence of mixed motives needs first to be sure that he never acts under mixed motives himself. Nevertheless, while I did not and do not doubt the honesty of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, the influence of Mr. Beecher, and still more the logic of events, brought my brothers and myself early to the conclusion that the anti-slavery conflict was one which could not be settled by compromise, that every compromise was but a truce, and that after every truce a bitterer conflict impended. In November, 1855, I wrote to my cousin as follows:

"6 November, 1855.

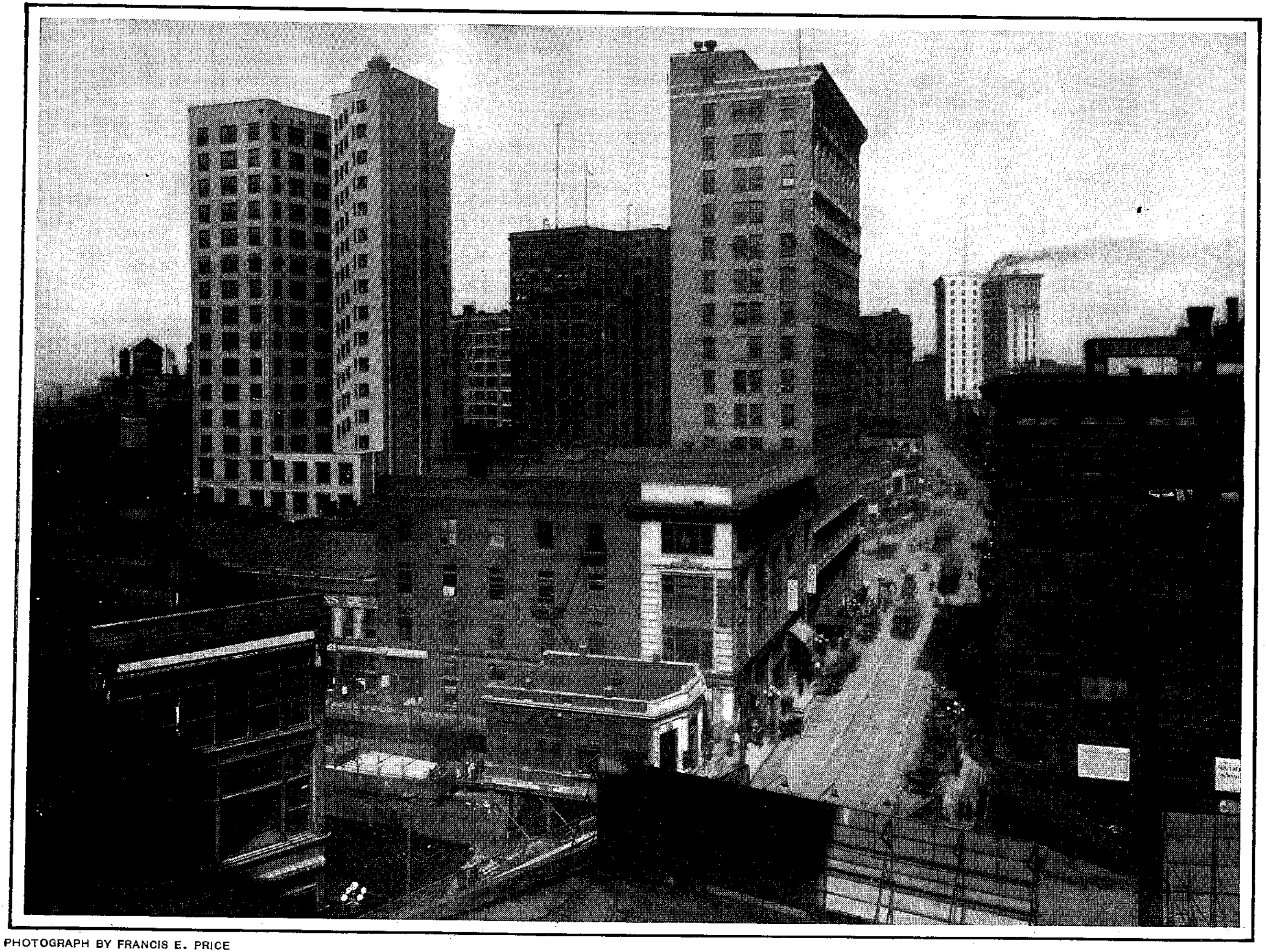
"This fall we have all taken a strong interest in politics—which is unusual—and even done a very little electioneering. I mean, if I can, to do some to some purpose next year. America will either remain in God's service, an exponent of individual freedom, or it will go over to Satan's, and relapse into oligarchy and thence into monarchy. I believe we are near where the two roads branch off. Republicanism points to freedom. The road lies through difficulties and dangers, and it may be through temporary disunion and even revolution and anarchy. But it is the path of right. The other is smooth and wicked. The way looks doubtful, judging by men's signs. Were it not for my faith in God I should on the whole expect the slave oligarchy to conquer and our country to follow the Roman nation, and in three hundred years our country be as much worse than it was as many years ago as the Italian *lazzaroni* are worse



FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, IN THE EARLY SIXTIES

As it appeared soon after the visit to that city described in this installment of Dr. Abbott's *Reminiscences*. This picture is from a sketch by D. R. Brown, printed in "Harper's Weekly" in 1864. The view is of Whitehall Street, looking east



PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCIS E. PRICE

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, IN 1914

This view is of Whitehall Street from about the same place as that shown above, but looking north. The contrast between the pictures is a graphic indication of the enormous growth of Atlanta and the development of the South in half a century than the native North American Indian. God grant not."

A year and a half later a trip to Georgia, on legal business for the firm, intensified my growing conviction that war was inevitable, and my resolve to prepare to meet it when it came. The following letter, written to my cousin, April 17, 1856, after my return from the South, I might think tainted by Northern prejudice if it were not only too abundantly confirmed by the Journal of Frederick Law Olmsted of his Southern journeys in 1853–54:

"The town in Georgia to which I have been is Atlanta. It is in the central part of the State. I started from New York Monday evening, traveled all night, and arrived in Washington Tuesday morning. We had a delightful sail down the river Potomac. I think Mount Vernon, which we passed, is one of the most delightful residences I ever saw. Our boat bell tolled a funeral knell as we passed. As we left Washington City I began to get into a rather dubious-looking company. Everybody chewed tobacco and smoked cigars; and from the looks of collars and shirt bosoms I should think very few had very large monthly bills to settle with their washerwomen. We were followed by birds—sea-gulls—as we sailed down the river. At the bows of the boat, as I was standing there, a man near by me thrust his hand into his coat pocket, drew out a revolver, aimed it at one of the birds over our head, and fired. The bird fell, turning over and over as he fell into the water, and was beaten down under the wheels of our boat, and the sportsman dropped his pistol back into his pocket. At the same time, in the stern of the boat, a gentleman was feeding these same birds with bread and cake out of a traveling basket; they followed at a respectful distance after the boat, and as he cast the bread upon the waters they hovered over it a moment, flying round and round in circles, dropped down into the water with a beautiful sweep, rested a moment on the waves, and then rose again with their prize.

"We traveled all day long through Virginia, all night through North Carolina, all day Wednesday and all night too through South Carolina, arriving at Augusta, Georgia, Thursday morning at about daybreak, having traveled sixty hours without cessation except long enough for hurried meals. In Virginia we took on board two objects of interest to me: a car-load of Negroes in charge of a trader, and a sick man going home from college, probably to die. South Carolina, at least the region traversed by railway, is the most miserable country I ever saw. It is an interminable pine forest of dead or dying trees growing in a miserable swamp. If the forest were a fresh green forest, it would be less tedious. But there was nothing in it but a skeleton of vegetation. Swamp, swamp, swamp, all day long. No villages, no houses, no inhabitants, no green fields, nothing but an interminable swamp. Every half-hour we stop in the middle of the swamp. Four or five Negroes jump off the train and pile on some water-logged timber cut and lying in the swamp by the side of the road, and then we go on again. We creep at a snail's pace. For the engine is broken, and the chances are that it will come to pieces if we go over ten or fifteen miles an hour. It gives me, however, the acquaintance of the sick man's friend. The sick man is an Alabamian, who is afflicted with a white swelling, as it is called, a sort of boil or ulcer. He is quite helpless and has to be carried in an armchair. My acquaintance is a Virginian. As we are standing by the door talking, it opens, and one of the traders who has a cargo of 'niggers' on board comes in. When he is out of hearing, my Virginia friend says:

"'That is the *bad* thing about slavery.'

"'What?

"'These cursed traders.'

"I am afraid he used a stronger word. For I scarcely talked with any one from the time I left New York who did not swear habitually. 'But it is a necessary evil,' said he. 'Sometimes a nigger won't behave himself, or once in a while a master fails and has to sell his slaves. But no one respects the traders or will have anything to do with them. They can't go into society. Everybody despises them.'

"The trader looks like a pleasant man and seems like an unpleasant one. He has pleasant features but an unpleasant face. From your friend's remarks you suppose that such commerce in Negroes is not much. 'Once in a while' and 'sometimes,' you understood, such sales take place, and, as you want to see all of slavery you can, you consider yourself fortunate to have been on this special train. You notice, however, before you get home that every train going south has just such a crowd of slaves on board, twenty or more, and a 'nigger car,' which is very generally also the smoking-car, and sometimes the baggage-car. You notice also that these slaves whom you constantly meet going south in the trader's hands are not old men and women or by any means malicious-looking ones, as you would naturally expect from your friend's account, but are for the most part apparently picked slaves, boys and girls or young men and women, eighteen, twenty, twenty-five. Imagine for a moment, my dear Franc, that while in Georgia I had been kidnapped and sold into Louisiana as a slave, and that any resistance on my part would be death to me, and that no interference on your part would meet with any other result than taunts and perhaps blows to you; —and hate the accursed system that separates those who love each other quite as well as do you and I, as you would hate those who had kidnapped me and interposed a life-long barrier between us.

"But then these Negroes do not feel these things as we do! They are an altogether inferior race of beings and have no strong affections! My Virginian friend gave me a striking illustration of this. He was from the University of Virginia, with which is connected a medical school. The scholars of the medical school are accustomed to take the bodies of the Negroes from the Negro burial-ground for dissection. Whether this is expressly allowed by law or is winked at by the authorities I did not learn. The Negroes, to avoid this, always have a mock funeral when one of their number dies. In funeral procession and with funeral ceremonies they accompany an empty coffin to their burying-ground and lower it into the grave which has been prepared. Afterwards, under the cover of the darkness of the night, two or three of them bury secretly the body of their friend, hiding it wherever they can find six feet of earth in which there is hope that it may remain undisturbed. So far from the Negroes having less feeling than the Anglo-Saxons, I think they are a race much less phlegmatic and philosophical, much more a race of strong feelings and warm hearts."

How far away that time seems! Then there was no National currency; I had to buy gold for my journey as if I were going to Europe. Now a National bank bill is taken anywhere in the United States, and in many of the larger cities in Europe, as the equivalent of gold. Then the journey from New York to Atlanta took sixty hours; now it is made by the fastest train in twenty-four hours. Then the journey was taken in wearisome discomfort; now in a luxury of travel unsurpassed in any nation in the world. Then it took me through a country which I have described; now to the same country thousands of pleasure-seekers and health-seekers go every winter for recreation or recuperation. Then the community was burdened by an industrial system equally demoralizing to the white race and to the black. Now, in spite of the ravages of the Civil War and the paralyzing effect of the reconstruction period, the economic and educational prosperity of the South rivals that of any other section in the Union. The progress, both material and spiritual, in this country, and especially in the South, during the last sixty years has had no parallel in any other epoch or in any other country on the globe.

This trip enabled me to realize, better than I had before, the fighting mood of the South. The Pro-Slavery party had been accustomed to threaten disunion if slavery were interfered with, if the anti-slavery agitation did not cease, if the slaveholder were not allowed to take his slaves with him into the National Territories, if, finally, he were not allowed to take them with him into the Northern States. The Unionists feared the execution of these threats and gave them circulation throughout the North. The anti-slavery leaders did not take them seriously. Prophets as sober-minded as Theodore Parker and Henry Ward Beecher, politicians as shrewd as William H. Seward, scouted the idea of civil war. As late as November, 1860, after the election of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Beecher said: "It is absurd to suppose that the South with all her interest in the Union will leave it, and therefore, I say, the South will never leave the Union."

This optimism I did not share. In my uncle's school were many Southern girls, and, though I do not remember ever to have discussed the slavery question with them, I appreciated the sincerity and passionate intensity of their convictions. I honored then, as I do now, the intelligence and patriotism of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, and could not treat their warnings with contempt. As early as March, 1856, I wrote to my cousin:

"I was offered a Sharp's rifle the other day if I would go to Kansas. What do you think of that, Franc? I do not much think, however, that I will have to go to Kansas to labor for freedom or even to fight for it. I shall not be surprised to live to see a civil war. There must be a civil war or slavery must yield without a blow. And I am not sufficiently sanguine to hope for that."

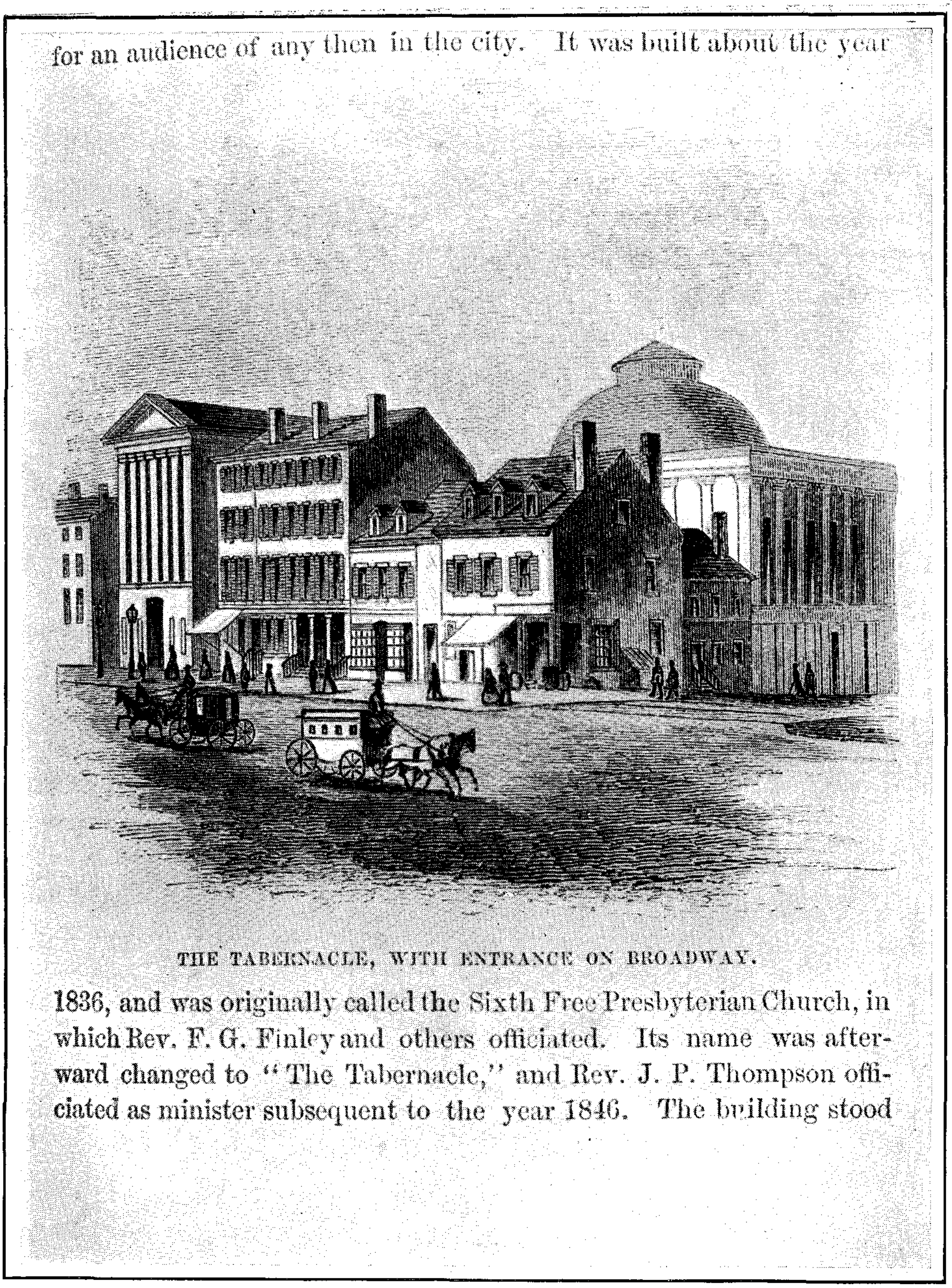
This prophecy of impending war I repeated in a subsequent letter. But this prospect had no tendency to drive me into the Unionist party. I believed that the conflict was one to be settled not by a compromise but by the clear apprehension of a principle and courageous adherence to it, and that principle I believed to be summed up in the single sentence—Slavery sectional; liberty National. I was ready for the battle if battle there must be. I was even at times eager to join the band of Northern immigrants to Kansas and Nebraska. That might have been, perhaps was, a mere boyish enthusiasm. But it interests me to discover that I had thus early made my choice between government *over* the people and government *by* the people—a choice which has controlled all my writing on political and industrial topics for more than half a century. Whether in industry I have advocated trade-unionism or government ownership of public utilities or profit-sharing or co-operative enterprises—whether in politics I have favored the Democratic party or the Republican party or the Progressive party, the principle which has always determined my choice has been the principle of government by the many in opposition to government by the few. I approve the short ballot and the direct primary because I believe they will increase the political power of the many. I oppose woman suffrage because I believe an overwhelming majority of women do not wish to assume the political responsibilities which would go with it, and I believe the question should be decided *by* them, not *for* them. The letter which thus gives the key to my political principles is as follows:

"If I was robust enough and knew how to use a pistol or rifle (I could learn that though), I would like extremely to go to Kansas. If it were not for you, I think the chances are even that I should go. The old battle—Hampden fought in it, Cromwell fought in it, the Pilgrim Fathers fought in it, Washington and the patriots of the Revolution fought in it—the old contest between democracy and aristocracy, government by the few over the people and government by the people over themselves, between progression and retrogression, is to be fought, and Kansas will be one battlefield and Congress another. For one, I want to be in the battle. My greatest fear is that it may be over before I am old enough to carry arms. I hope not. And I believe not. Did you never envy the Pilgrim Fathers their opportunities for stern self-denial; or the Revolutionary patriots for heroic patriotism? I have, often. But I believe, if there be any truth in the signs of the times, that we shall see quite as rare opportunities for stern self-denial and heroic patriotism as they. Are you ready for the battle, Franc? It is too late to pray for peace. The war has already begun. Besides, for my part, I have no heart to pray for it. There can be no final peace except in extermination of one or the other, nothing but a temporary armistice. And if the battle is to be fought I want to be one to help fight it."

That this desire to go to Kansas to take part in the conflict was something more than a mere boyish fancy is indicated by the fact that I consulted with my father about it. That I did not go was partly due to his wise counsel, partly to my unwillingness to put a thousand miles and more between myself and my cousin. In July, 1856, I wrote:

"I have had quite a long conversation with father to-night about my duties in the coming contest. As I had expected, he reins me in. The best way to become an active worker in the anti-slavery struggle is first to obtain influence, then to use it. And the way to obtain influence is to attain an influential position as a *lawyer* by a close attention to business, exerting such anti-slavery influence as in the course of that business I can naturally. Then, having acquired influence through business success, strike, with all the power that gives, a blow for liberty, and it will be a blow that will tell. It is rather conservative advice to be altogether agreeable to me. But with this modification, namely, that I study so as to direct my energies to striking that blow, I think perhaps it is sound."

This counsel I accepted, but it did not abate my interest in politics. In 1856 Buchanan was nominated by the Democratic party, because it was thought he would carry Pennsylvania, and Fremont was nominated by the newly organized Republican party because it was thought his romantic career would create a popular enthusiasm for him



for an audience of any then in the city. It was built about the year

THE TABERNACLE, WITH ENTRANCE ON BROADWAY.

1836, and was originally called the Sixth Free Presbyterian Church, in which Rev. F. G. Finley and others officiated. Its name was afterward changed to "The Tabernacle," and Rev. J. P. Thompson officiated as minister subsequent to the year 1846. The building stood

THE TABERNACLE IN WHICH THE FREMONT MEETING DESCRIBED IN THIS INSTALLMENT OF DR ABBOTT'S REMINISCENCES WAS HELD

This picture is a reproduction of a page from the "Manual of the Common Council," published in 1865. With reference to the portion of Broadway between Anthony Street and Catharine Lane, this Manual says, "On this block was . . . erected a church edifice affording the largest accommodation for an audience of any then in the city." The Manual adds, after the two sentences reproduced on the picture above, "The building stood upon lots in the rear of those on Broadway, but the entrance was from the latter street and was known as No. 340." The present site (1914) of the Broadway Tabernacle is at Fifty-Sixth Street and his cause. Both surmises were correct. Buchanan carried Pennsylvania and was elected; but the enthusiasm for Fremont brought him over a million and a third of votes, an astonishing result for a party just created. That campaign is now past history; its leader is forgotten; his nomination is accounted by sober historians a mistake. And yet I venture to doubt whether the election of Abraham Lincoln would have been possible but for the public interest awakened four years before by the campaign cry echoed throughout the North: "Free soil, free speech, free press, free men, Fre-mont." I shouted that campaign cry with the loudest and did such work for our leader's election as could be done by a boy yet under age. That boy's description of a Fremont meeting may give the reader a little idea of the popular enthusiasm:

"Thursday, 26 June.

"I went last night to a concert at Spingler. There I met Walter Philbrook. About half-past nine we left the house to come home together. On our way we were to pass the Tabernacle. There the Republicans held a grand ratification meeting. We went in. Such a crowd of men! Here and there a lady—but few and far between. The New York Tabernacle is something like the Tremont Temple in Boston. In the seats behind the platform are a band. On the stage is a man walking back and forth. Almost every sentence is followed with an interruption—a cheer—applause—or a remark from the audience. Presently he finishes. Then there is tremendous confusion all over the house. 'Procession! procession! procession! Hamlin! Hamlin! Hamlin!' the shoutings might be heard half a mile. For the hall is crowded to overflowing—to overflowing into the street and passageways outside—to such an overflowing that a little earlier in the evening there were two more meetings of outsiders there. When at length order is restored, another speaker is introduced. His speech, however, comes to an abrupt termination by reason of the fact that everybody is going out to form in a procession to go up to Fremont's house. Walter and I are carried downstairs in the crowd. What a jam! I am run alongside the wall. I press with all my might against it (sometimes with both hands) to prevent being bruised against it. If I should trip and fall! My best friend would not know me when taken up, I should be so trodden under foot. Ah! Here we are fairly out in the street. Whew! What a crowd—how hot—how nice the cool evening air is after that crowded and stifled room! The procession is already in progression. It forms as fast as the materials for it come out. The 'Times' this morning says it is eight thousand strong. We march five to ten abreast up Broadway. The band is far ahead—almost out of hearing. Walter and I leave our ranks and run forward nearer the band. Here we join another rank. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!' 'Once more. Three for Fremont.' 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!' Here we are opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. 'Three more for a sensation.' 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!' At that open window there, to the right, are three ladies waving their handkerchiefs to us. 'Three for them.' 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!' So we go up Broadway arm in arm, a long procession, hurrahing, shouting, clapping sometimes altogether—anything to be enthusiastic. Here we are in sight of Fremont's house. The procession breaks up, and we all rush frantically forward to get good positions, and in a moment are in a worse crowd than ever before. 'Off my toes there!' 'Don't put your arms *through* my back, if you please, sir.' 'Hats off!' 'Order! order! order!' 'Which is the house?' 'Where is he?' 'Which one?' 'Where?' The marble house there with the piazza is the one. What a crowd on the balcony! What if the balcony should give way—

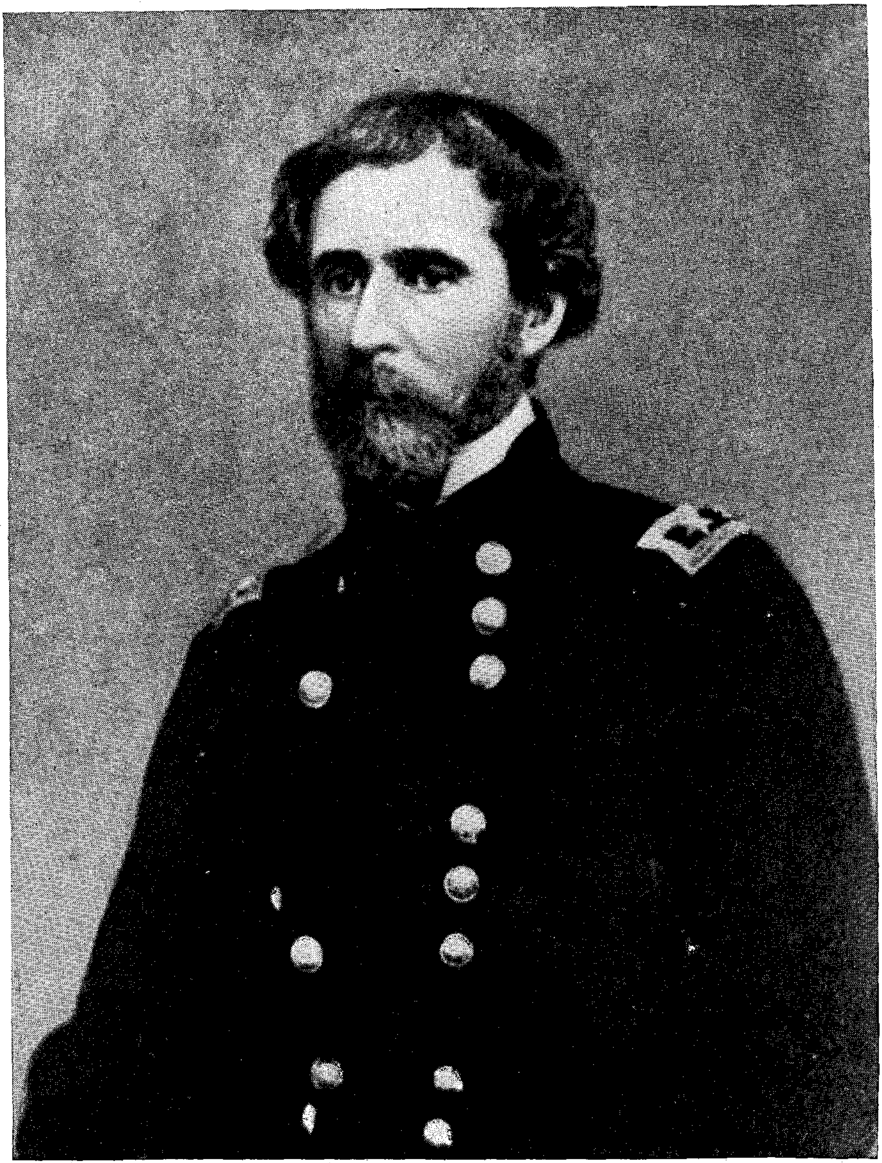
"Merciful God! It has. It gives way and falls to the ground with a crash. The crowd is hushed in a moment. But only a part is fallen. A shout from the balcony, 'Nobody hurt!' What a deafening shout of joy from the whole crowd responds to the intelligence!

"Merciful is God indeed; that the cracking of the balustrade should have given warning to those above; that the formation of the house should have been such that none of this immense crowd were directly beneath. So, though the balcony is of heavy iron and the crowd beneath counts by thousands, no one is hurt.

"Now Colonel Fremont comes out to speak. But he is cheered so much and so long you can catch only little pieces of what he is saying. Then there are more hurrahs. Then some one cries out:

"'Mrs. Fremont!'

"The crowd catches the idea in a moment.



PHOTOGRAPH BY M. B. BRADY FROM THE MESERVE COLLECTION

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN C. FREMONT

A native of Georgia, Fremont was in turn Professor of Mathematics in the United States navy and second lieutenant in the Topographical Engineers. He explored the Rocky Mountains and the territory between the Rockies and the Pacific coast. He helped to establish the authority of the United States in California, and on account of friction between the army and navy was court-martialed. His known opposition to slavery was reinforced by his recognized intrepidity as an explorer in making him the first Presidential nominee of the Republicans. It was on behalf of his candidacy that the meeting at the Tabernacle described in this installment of Dr. Abbott's Reminiscences was held. He was made a major-general at the time of the Civil War. His later years were marked by many adversities

'Mrs. Fremont! Madam Fremont! Jessie! Jessie! Give us Jessie!'

"Nobody in the crowd calls for *Mrs.* Fremont louder than I.

"Some one on the balcony begins an inaudible speech.

"'Order! order! hshshshshshshshsh!'

"*Man in the Balcony.* Such occasions as this are apt to disconcert ladies. Three more for Fremont and then disperse!

"The three more are given with right good will, but they are mingled with cries of 'Mrs. Fremont! Give us Mrs. Fremont and we'll go!' and the like. There is no sign of any inclination to disperse.

"My belief is that Mrs. Fremont has no objection to coming out, but desires to delay enough to be proper. For a lady to make her appearance before a political crowd like this is an innovation. Mrs. Fremont will not make it, of course. There is no objection to the crowd's making it. So I shout with the loudest, 'Mrs. Fremont! Madam Fremont!'

"*Proper man in the crowd next me.* No! no! hsh! hsh! What do you do that for?

"*I.* If Mrs. Fremont can see company, why shouldn't—

"My sentence is interrupted by a universal shout. Mrs. Fremont appears on the balcony between two gentlemen. Proper man's hat goes off in a moment. Proper man has a louder voice than I have, and I cannot even hear myself cheer—he quite drowns my voice. The crowd are crazy with enthusiasm. They sway to and fro. They are bareheaded almost to a man, cheering with hats in hand in the air. The sight of such a vast crowd as this, with every man's hat in his hand above his head, is curious enough. Here and there a man with a cane or umbrella puts his hat on that, elevates it, and cheers. A few whose hats, like mine, are fastened on, wave their handkerchiefs. The whole crowd, eight thousand strong, cheer as though all their previous cheering were a mere practice to train their voices for this occasion. Then Mrs. Fremont retires, and, with three more for Mr. and Mrs. Fremont, the crowd disentangles itself, and Walter and I walk out to the cars and ride home.

"The Fremont and Dayton ratification meeting was a great success."

As the election drew near there were tickets to be printed and distributed, votes to be looked after, repeaters to be guarded against, frauds to be discovered and defeated. The day before the election I wrote my cousin: "We have just learned that the Democratic party and leaders have just struck off two thousand Republican tickets with all the names spelled *wrong* so that they may not be counted as good for anything. We must see to it, not only that we have none of them, but also that none are successfully used at the polls to-morrow." When election day came my brothers Vaughan and Edward and myself were at the polls from sunrise to sunset, and after the day's work was over I wrote again to my cousin the following letter describing our experiences:

"Benjamin Vaughan has positively blistered his feet in running from poll to poll looking after the election." At my polling-booth there was no one else to take direction of affairs, so I took charge. "I place one man at one end of the block and another at the other. Two others stand about the door. That rough-looking fellow in an old yellow coat is the best worker we have. He paces back and forth vociferating at the top of his voice, 'Here's your regular Republican tickets. Free speech, free soil, free press, free men, and Fremont.' He disposes of three handfuls of tickets during the day. The rest of us are more quiet. As soon as they are well going I start for another district, for we have enough men and to spare here; and for the rest of the day I am for the most part going from poll to poll—except when in the course of my travels I come to a desperately Irish Democracy region, where for a long while I cannot find any Republican. I work here something over an hour, and only get two tickets off my hands. Whether either of these is voted or not I much doubt.

"Over in New York Austin, too, is at the polls all the day. There they have some *quasi* riots, considerable fighting, and an immense amount of fraudulent voting. They vote mostly in bar-rooms, and the Irish fill them up and let no man in to vote who does not vote the Democratic ticket. The Fremont and Dayton Central Union send men to the polls to do what they can, but one man to fifty Irishmen is at a disadvantage, and they cannot accomplish a great deal. They are attacked, knocked down, beaten, and some of them almost killed before the day is over. Mr. Shearman's adventures[1] (Austin had them from his own lips) were spicy—to relate. He was sent to the Sixth Ward, so notorious even in New York for its riots on election day that it rejoices in the sobriquet of the 'Bloody Sixth.' On the morning of election he tried to get a pistol but could not obtain one, so he purchased a pepper-box with perforated top, and filled it with red pepper, and put it in a side pocket, and with this for his only weapon of defense went to the polls. The room was packed, of course, as full as it would hold of Irishmen, so that there was no possibility of egress or ingress. Shearman edged his way through the door and a little way into the room. Then, quietly producing his pepper-box, scattered a portion of its contents through the room: all this, of course, quietly and unobserved. This made such a sneezing as soon separates the crowd and gives a considerably freer passage than before. Then he goes to work distributing Fremont tickets. This is dangerous business in the 'Bloody Sixth.' However, by carefully avoiding collision he escapes difficulty until toward evening. Then as he is at work in the poll-room some one fires a pistol at him. He thinks there was no ball in it. He did not hear it strike. At all events, it did not strike him. As he turns around to face his attackers he sees another man after him with a bowie-knife. Pleasant! He starts. The man after him. It is a race for life. His pursuer gains on him. As he runs he puts one hand on the pepper-box. His pursuer is close upon his heels. Catching with the other hand by a lamp-post, he adroitly dodges around it and with the other throws a good charge of the cayenne pepper full in his pursuer's face. The man dropped his knife in a wink, stopped at the second, and with tears in his eyes rubbed the cayenne pepper from his face, went back disconsolately, and left Mr. Shearman alone."

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[1] Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, who began his legal career as a clerk in my brother's law office, and was my lifelong personal friend.

Such was an election in New York City in 1856; such was political campaigning fifty-seven years ago. Reformers have not lived and labored in vain. There is still room for improvement and need of political courage to accomplish it. But the conditions which I described to my cousin in 1856 could not be duplicated anywhere in America in 1913.

In the installment of his Reminiscences which follows this Dr. Abbott describes a "turning-point" in his life. He recounts some of his experiences that may be of value to younger writers and public speakers. He prints such of his earlier attempts at self-analysis and self-portraiture and expressions of opinion as may serve a useful purpose for others who have attempted self-analysis and self-portraiture and have found later the product immature. He tells of the social and religious questions that kept him restless in spite of happy circumstances. Finally, he gives the reasons that induced him to turn his back on promises of success in the law to take an adventurous step into the unknown

IN THE PATH OF THE STORM

BY MABEL EARLE

The roof-tree cried to the lightning:
"Thou shalt not enter here;
I am set to shield the courts of peace
From harm and loss and fear.
Pass on thy way! Unsheath not
Thy blinding sword of flame;
I keep the trust laid on me,
In a high and holy Name."
"Nay," said the lightning; "yield thee
To the signet of my right!
No walls of man shall bar me
From my task ordained this night.
Out of the darkness came I forth;
Unseen the path I trod;
Into the darkness I shall go;
I am the Power of God."

The threshold cried to the water:
"Turn back, turn back thy crest!
Nor rain nor flood shall enter
Where I guard the gates of rest.
Back with thy lapping, leaping waves!
Back with thy curling foam!
What! wilt thou break night's truce, and storm
The citadel of home?"
"Aye," said the flood, "I enter
Where One has marked my way;
I work the work appointed me,
And none shall say me nay.
Out from the Ancient Silence
Lies the path my feet have trod;
Uncalled I come, unguessed I go;
I am the Law of God."

The hearthstone cried to the whirlwind:
"What hast thou wrought, and why?
Splintered and riven in ghastly wreck
Roof-tree and lintel lie;
There is blood across the shattered sill,
And wailing on the air.
Thou that hast wrought the doom of death,
What warrant didst thou bear?"
"Why I have wrought, I know not,"
The whirlwind said; "but lo!
The Name of Him whose law I wrought
Is the answer to all woe;
Cleaving I cleft His temple-veil;
The heart that seeks shall find
Back of the rended earth and sky
The Living Heart behind;
Hark, how His chariot wheels ring out
On the blood-stained path I trod!
Unto the faith that conquers death
I am the Love of God."

A ONE-ROOM SCHOOL

BY HELEN JOHNSON KEYES

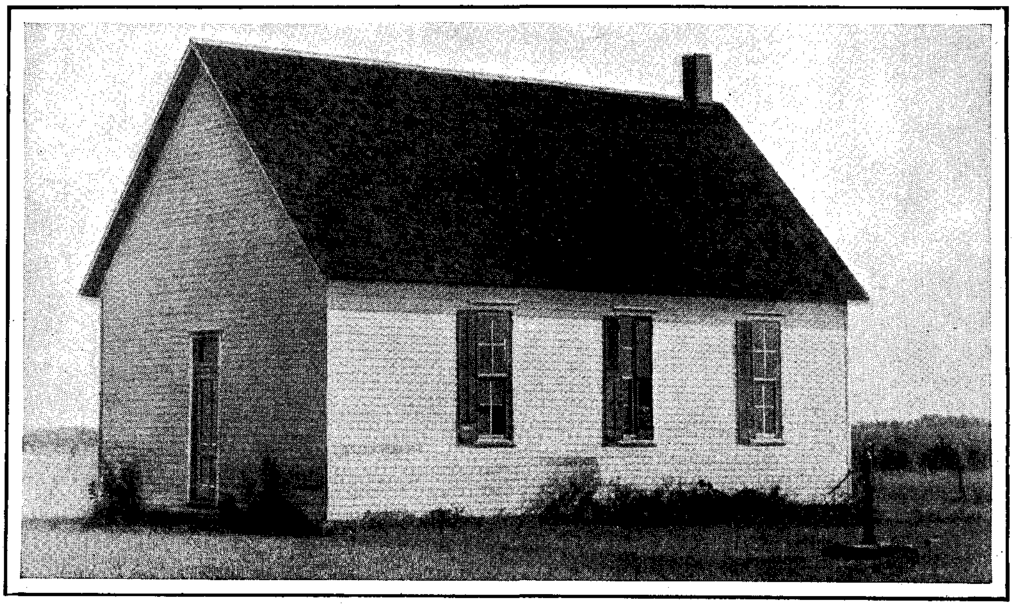
*Since this article was written Mrs. Harvey, who succeeded in transforming a one-room school from all that it should not be to a model of its class, has won a notable victory at the annual school meeting. Fifty-three farmers, says the St. Louis "Republic," divided almost equally on the question of supporting Mrs. Harvey and her progressive methods. Her defeat meant "the sudden and certain wiping out of the Farmers' Club, the Farm Woman's Club, the literary clubs, the school farm and garden, and the school wagon that now covers a route of six miles." The opposition was chiefly based on "economy." Mrs. Harvey's supporters won by a single vote. Those who read the article that follows will rejoice that the woman who has shown what a country school-teacher can do in a little one-room school has gained the opportunity to carry on the good work.—*THE EDITORS.

OUR rural schools are the survivals of a period when they occupied a different relation to life from that which present conditions force them to occupy. They are echoes of a time when it was easy to coax subsistence out of the soil, and when agriculture could stand independent of other industries and fulfill its task by the sweat of brows and very little science. Now, however, farming has been swept into the intricacies of modern stress and struggle, and it is necessary that children learn more about the soil in their own acres and the testing of their own seeds, even though this involves their learning less about the walls of Peking and the rivers of Australia.

Vocational education in primary grades, whether or not it stands the test of life ultimately, is at the present instant a necessity. Without question it is the most beneficial agent at work in developing community pride and professional enthusiasm.

It has opened up a new specialty in teaching, and one in which the demand is greatly in excess of the supply. It is eliminating from the school-house the young girl who "heard lessons" for a few months before her marriage, and her successor who marked time upon the draughty floors of the little red school-house until she marched on to a more dignified appointment.

Only a few women have as yet perceived the largeness of the work waiting to be done in the district schools, yet six million of our



THE PORTER RURAL SCHOOL

twenty million school-children are studying in them; and by and by the country will need these six million citizens as helpers in the world's work.

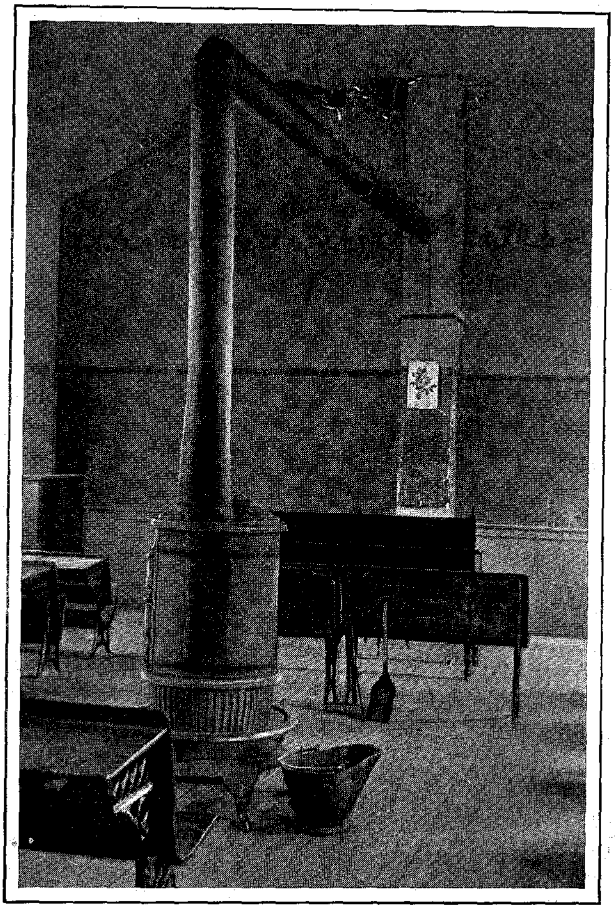
In Missouri a woman has for years been watching and pondering the district schools. Perhaps the seeds of thought were bedded when she was a pupil, for Mrs. Marie T. Harvey was born on a farm, and received her first education in such a school. After she had won a teacher's certificate her first experience in her profession was a five months' term in a little red school-house. She then became principal of a school in Clayton, Missouri, then a teacher in the model rural school in Kirksville, Missouri, which is part of the State Normal. During this experience certain facts kept hammering upon her consciousness.

There are in Missouri two thousand district schools, and over forty per cent of children do not advance beyond the fourth grade. In Adair County, where Kirksville is situated, there are 8,547 pupils enrolled in the public schools, and out of these 6,347 attend one or two room schools. What an appalling waste of efficient citizenship is the result of the inadequate curriculum at this point in our system of education! What more fundamental, what more productive work could be done anywhere than here at the basic point?

Mrs. Harvey therefore went to the county superintendent and said: "Give me for three years your worst district." "That," he responded, "would be the Porter School. We have abandoned every hope for it."

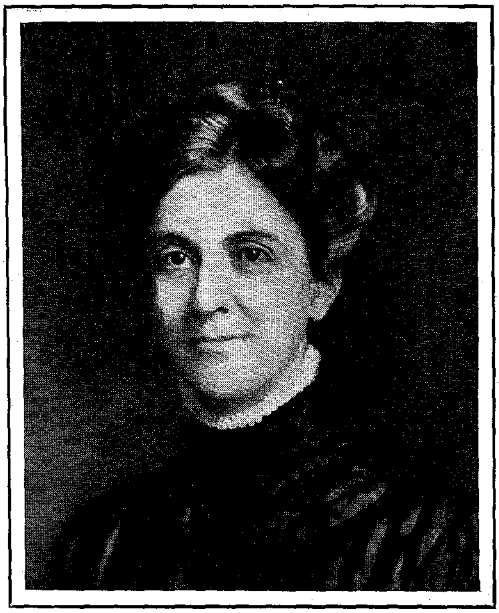
In the summer of 1912 Mrs. Harvey went to see the charge which she had solicited. The Porter district is nine miles square, and lies four miles out of Kirksville. It is one of the richest farming districts in the United States. Its land is worth from $80 to $112 an acre. Luxurious barns hold blooded cattle, automobiles speed over its roads. For many years before Mrs. Harvey's visit people had passed the face of an unpainted, rectangular building, without a cellar, whose blinds hung on broken hinges, and which, in lieu of steps to its front door, had a chair serving in their capacity. This was the school-house, and its aspect was precisely such as to inspire Mrs. Harvey. She at once decided to find a house in its neighborhood, for her scheme for making the school a community influence involved her residence among the people. She found a house, very much in the condition of the school, which she rented for five dollars a month and made attractive by her own labor.

Her first demand was a lock for the school-house. The building from time immemorial had been occupied at night by tramps, and they had infected the place with the filth of their bodies, and also the filth of their minds, which had inscribed itself in pictures and sentences upon the walls. Nevertheless parents objected to the lock,



THE SCHOOL-ROOM AS IT WAS

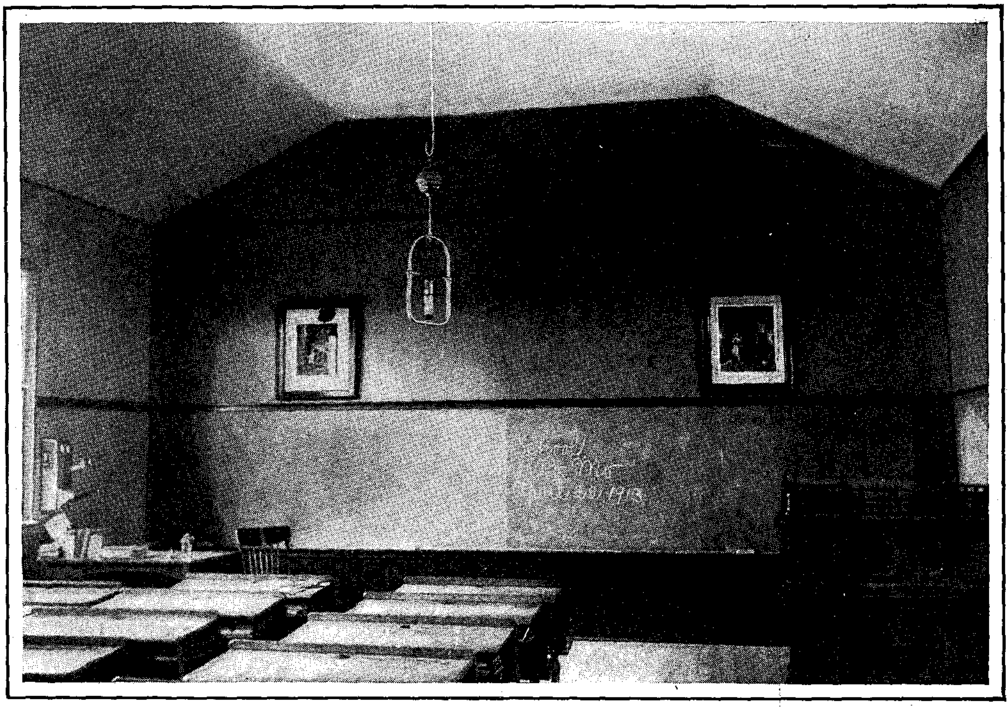
The roof leaked; there were large holes in the ceiling; the wall-paper hung loose. The stove stood in the middle of the room. The blackboard was too high, the woodwork was badly painted, and there were quantities of dust and cobwebs



MRS. MARIE TURNER HARVEY

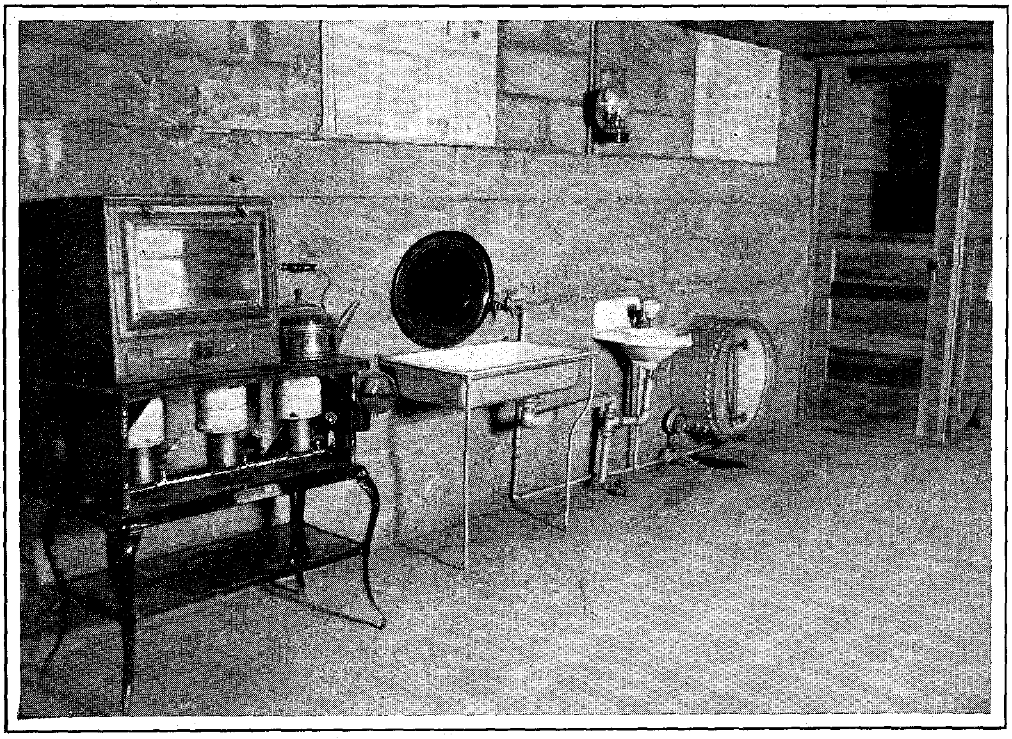
The school-teacher who has improved conditions wonderfully in the Porter community

on the ground that the incensed tramps might in revenge burn property! However, the lock was procured, and scrubbing and sterilizing began. When the community saw Mrs. Harvey's earnestness, they awoke. A few men volunteered to mend the roof. The walls, from which the plaster had fallen in chunks, were repaired and tastefully painted, and the gaps in the floor filled. The rusty base-burner which in its heyday had heated one end of the room to eighty and left the other at fifty degrees, but was now incapable even of this service to little children, was finally removed in favor of a furnace, necessitating a basement. By that time the spectacular process was exciting attention, and men and teams worked gratis day after day. The basement with its concrete floor was made by donated labor. Mrs. Harvey herself gave the school a water system, with a pressure tank, and a drinking fountain in place of the communal bucket. The basement also contains an oil-stove and equipment, donated by the teacher from the proceeds of a lecture. Out of her own library she drafted one for the school. Shades were put at the windows to mimimize the eye-strain of cross-lights, and a few good pictures added graciousness. These things came grad-



THE SCHOOL-ROOM TO-DAY

The ceiling was repaired and painted in a light color; tan paper was put on the walls and they were hung with pictures. The blackboard was placed twenty-four inches from the floor, and the woodwork finished in a golden brown. New teacher's desk, chair, and lamp were bought, and a telephone was installed



THE CONCRETE BASEMENT WAS CONSTRUCTED BY THE MEN OF THE COMMUNITY, WHO VOLUNTEERED THEIR SERVICE

The picture shows also the drinking-fountain, pressure-tank, and oil stove

ually, but in the meantime the children were learning. The effects of pure air, good lighting, and a pleasant environment were transforming them. Parents found themselves in possession of bright sons and daughters, where they had thought themselves afflicted with dullards.

The school-house, which had not had a community meeting for ten years, and which not a tithe of the parents had ever visited, has become a center of social activities. Mrs. Harvey's home is also such a center, and its yard is a garden laboratory for the pupils. About a year ago a former pupil of Mrs. Harvey's, a licensed teacher, Miss Margaret Crecelius, begged Mrs. Harvey to take her as collaborator without a salary, and was accepted. Her father is a horticulturist, and one day there arrived at Mrs. Harvey's door a suit-case which contained the nucleus of a flower and vegetable garden. From this beginning there has grown a little farm, containing thirty garden vegetables and thirty flowering plants, representing more than twice as many varieties. This is taken care of by the children, and Mr. Crecelius adds occasional instruction to the expert teaching which Mrs. Harvey herself is qualified to give along these lines.

The medium of teaching is agriculture. Bulletins often make good readers; agriculture is as good a test word for spelling as rhinoceros; and arithmetic is sufficiently disciplinary when it estimates the weight of a given number of hogs before shipping and after the shrinkage which follows shipping, and the number of tons of hay in a square rick and a round rick of given proportions.

Mrs. Harvey collaborates at every possible point with the State Agricultural College. She sends her boys and girls to Short Courses, and last fall some of the college instructors came to the Porter School to deliver a week of lectures and demonstration work.

Each morning when the wagon, driven by one of the boys, delivers at the door of the Porter School the children gathered within a six-mile radius, a work of incalculable importance advances another day's march toward its goal of efficient citizenship.

COMMERCE AND FINANCE

A WEEKLY ARTICLE BY THEODORE H. PRICE

THE AUGURIES OF BUSINESS—BANKING CONSOLIDATION—THE PRINCES' TRUST—THE ARISTOCRATIC RUSH TO SELL LAND IN ENGLAND—NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION COMMERCIALLY CONSIDERED

THE Auguries of Business continue favorable. Present indications suggest the largest wheat crop on record. It may possibly exceed a billion bushels. Other small-grain crops promise well. It is, of course, too early to speak definitely of corn and cotton crops, but there is as yet no reason for serious apprehension concerning them.

Bank clearings continue well up to last year's figures. The same thing is true of gross railway earnings for March. Money is cheap and easily obtainable by those entitled to credit. In the textile trade there is some complaint, but no visible indication of diminished manufacturing activity or of burdensome stocks. The price of woolen goods has been slightly advanced. The silk trade is reported to be in an exceptionally prosperous condition.

The Federal Reserve Board, as appointed by the President, gives general satisfaction. While it is to be regretted that Mr. Olney does not feel able to serve, there will be little difficulty in securing some one else from New England who will command public confidence.

The four other appointees are all men whose careers and reputations, as already described in The Outlook, guarantee the intelligent and non-partisan administration of the new banking system.

Throughout the entire financial world there is obviously a feeling of great relief that political considerations have not controlled in the President's selection of the Federal Reserve Board and are not likely to affect its policy hereafter.

A decision of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, handed down on May 7, construes "the long and short haul" section of the Rate Law in a way that gives the railways increased latitude in the establishment of rates to competitive points, and is accepted as indicating a more sympathetic attitude on the part of the Commission toward the transportation industry.

There is also a growing belief that the application for a five per cent advance in rates will be allowed, although this feeling has a rather vague and intangible basis as yet.

The progress of the various anti-trust bills is slow, and well-informed opinion in Washington is that the passage of anything more than a very innocuous measure before the adjournment of the present Congress in July is extremely doubtful. Thus far neither the Senate nor the House proposals have been more than tentative, and it is hardly worth while to discuss them until they are more definitely formulated.

The Inter-State and Foreign Commerce Committee of the House has reported a bill giving to the Inter-State Commerce Commission supervisory power over the issue of railway securities. The bill is drafted to prevent over-capitalization of railway properties and their illegal exploitation through speculation. It is generally approved of, and its enactment will doubtless improve the market for railway securities issued under its provisions.

In the iron and steel trade business is still reported to be poor, and the weakening vitality of the aged Emperor of Austria has led to some apprehension lest his death, when it occurs, may be followed by a renewal of the Balkan unsettlement. On the other hand, President Farrell, of the United States Steel Corporation, expresses himself most optimistically with regard to the not distant future, and in the politics of Continental Europe the expected rarely happens.

From the foregoing summary of the influences and indicia generally considered in making an estimate of the business situation, it will be seen that they are nearly all negatively, if not positively, favorable. Sentiment, however, continues distinctly pessimistic, and both confidence and initiative seem to be lacking.

It is difficult to understand why this should be the case. When pressed for a logical explanation of their gloominess, the pessimists generally reply with an allusion to the political malevolence of Washington and to the "hysteria of destructive criticism."

To the rejoinder that thus far this Administration has done nothing but revise the tariff, enforce the laws that were already on the statute-books, and adopt a measure of banking reform that is almost miraculously good, it is retorted in effect, "Never mind, the worst is yet to happen."

There is, of course, no argument with which to meet a prediction of events which seem unlikely to occur, and the optimist is unable to arouse cheerfulness in people who "have settled down to enjoy poor health."

To the detached and impartial observer the present feeling of depression seems in defiance of the facts and almost entirely psychological. It is apparently based upon the belief, encouraged by the protectionists, that the United States can never enjoy prosperity under a Democratic administration. The commercial experience of the country under Cleveland from 1884 to 1888 and again from 1892 to 1896 is cited as a precedent, and, although the generalization seems unfair, the argument is persuasive to the thoughtless.

To the economist, however, it is almost inconceivable that good crops, easy money, and universal peace can much longer be without their natural effect in promoting cheerfulness and increasing activity.

The experience of England is a case in point. Until within the past five years the same political obsession prevailed there. It was believed that English commerce could never thrive under a Liberal Government; but the prosperity of Great Britain seems to have been stimulated by the radicalism of Lloyd George, and was never so great as at present.

This is not written in a spirit of political partisanship, but in the hope that those who read it may thereby be persuaded to view the future through glasses undimmed by the smoke of party prejudice.

The Gregariousness of Banking Capital is evidenced afresh by the bank consolidations recently announced in both America and Europe. In New York the Fourth National Bank and the Mechanics and Metals National Bank will be merged in one institution whose resources may aggregate $150,000,000. The Irving National and the National Nassau Banks of New York, with assets aggregating about $70,000,000, are also to be consolidated.

In Boston the Merchants National Bank has acquired the National Bank of Commerce, so increasing its resources to probably $50,000,000.

In London Lloyds Bank has recently absorbed the Wilts & Dorset Banking Company, thereby enlarging its deposits to over $500,000,000. This gives Lloyds, for the present, the largest bank deposits in England, although two other London institutions, the London City & Midland Bank and the Union & Smiths Bank, have deposits varying between $400,000,000 and $500,000,000, whereas the Bank of England has only about $300,000,000.

In Germany the Discount Gesellschaft and the Schaffhausen Bank Verein of Berlin have been consolidated with a total capital of $75,000,000, or $12,500,000 more than that of the Deutsche Bank, which previously had the largest paid-up capital of any bank in the world.

This tendency toward the consolidation of banking capital and deposits has two aspects. Safety and economy are secured, and the facility with which large enterprises can be financed is increased. On the other hand, the enormous power vested in those who control these great supplies of capital may easily be abused; and the men who are responsible for these consolidations, as well as those who may be planning still larger aggregations, will do well to remember the testimony of Mr. George F. Baker before the Pujo Committee but little more than a year ago. It will be recalled that he admitted that the tendency toward consolidation in banking had probably gone far enough, and that in bad hands it might be fraught with danger to the community.

The principal danger is, of course, favoritism in the extension of credit. Those in favor at the Court of High Finance may be able to secure credit denied to an equally deserving but less sycophantic competitor, who, being thus deprived of the very life blood of business, may die of financial anæmia.

The people are fully alive to the menace implied by this concentration of the money power, and will deal with it ruthlessly unless it is wielded with an impartiality that is hardly possible in any human agency.

The Princes' Trust, so called, of Germany has entirely collapsed. Its backers were Prince Fuerstenberg and Prince Christian Kraft zu Hohenlohe, two of the greatest landowners in the German Empire. Their combined fortunes are estimated at 240,000,000 marks, or $60,000,000, all of which is gone.

The debts of Prince Fuerstenberg are

estimated at $25,000,000, and the Deutsche Bank, it is reported, has taken over all his property, but agreed to give him an annual allowance of $100,000, out of which he must support, as best he can, the elaborate establishments and country seats mortgaged to his creditors. The commercial adventures of these two German princes make one of the most interesting stories of contemporary finance. Some five or six years ago they were secure in the enjoyment of the enormous income derived from the largest estates in Germany except those owned by the Emperor.

They were, however, unable to resist the lure of speculation in a commercial age. In an effort to increase fortunes that were already burdensomely large they were induced to finance a variety of ambitious enterprises, including department stores, coal mines, and transportation companies.

For a time the glamour of their rank and names created an illusion of success, and the social climbers in the business world of Germany were eager to be identified with them. Participation in their enterprises became the financial vogue, and shrewder heads than theirs took advantage of it to organize for their various activities what would be called in America a "holding company."

This holding company speedily became known as the "Princes' Trust," and had a fleeting popularity among speculative investors. It was not long, however, before they became the victims of their own inexperience and ignorance of business. The entire loss of their fortunes is the result.

No one accuses them of dishonorable action, and their private estates have been entirely and unreservedly put at the disposal of their creditors.

The details of the story, which has attracted but little attention in America, would furnish material for an interesting novel.

The Aristocratic Rush to Sell Land in Great Britain is the subject of many sensational cables recently published in the American newspapers. The Duke of Marlborough has achieved considerable notoriety by acting as his own auctioneer at the sale of some of his property, and it is said that over three million acres have been put upon the market as a result of the Lloyd George campaign to make land bear a more equitable share of the national taxation.

There are 77,000,000 acres of land in Great Britain and Ireland. Of this the nobility and their direct descendants, including baronets and knights, own about two-thirds, or 52,000,000 acres.

The larger estates are in the hands of—

28 dukes, who own	4,000 000 acres
33 marquises, who own	1,500,000 "
194 earls, who own	5,850,000 "
270 viscounts and barons, who own	3,800,000 "
525 noblemen, who own	15,150,000 "

or about one-fifth of all the land.

Thorold Rogers, Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, writing of the English land system in 1888, said:

> Under the English land system certain families—all, I grant, if they could do so, a state of things manifestly impossible—are permitted to settle land. They are protected against their own errors, vices, misfortunes, by the machinery of an estate for life, with remainder in tail. Land is limited in quantity, while population—*i. e.*, of the customers for land—grows. The landowner is further assisted. All local taxes are paid by his tenants, and his own charges are put at an absurdly low amount. If his land is not let, it ceases to pay local taxes. Land was formerly, till recently, liable to certain charges, which are now to a great extent put on the general revenue, *i. e.*, on the income-tax payers; for Chancellors of the Exchequer are threatened with revolt if they venture on taxing the succession of real estate as personal estate is taxed. Everything is done which the law can do indirectly to save the great estates, and not infrequently they are further secured from dispersion by private Acts of Parliament. In other words, the law of England does its very best to make the landowners a ring, as it is technically called in trade, to curtail the trade in land, and to give the man who is to sell the use of land an overwhelming advantage in all contracts for its use.
>
> It is inevitable, under these circumstances, that the tenant will either be outrageously fleeced or that the law must regulate contracts for the use of land. . . . We may be perfectly sure that as time goes on, for every advantage which the existing law gives the landowners, an equivalent will be exacted by the tenant from the law of the future. People complain querulously that the tendency of recent legislation is Socialistic, and most of all they complain whose position and the advantages of whose position are distinctly anti-social. The tenant, in brief, when he makes a contract for the use of land, except in so far as he is constrained to carry on his occupation in a market which is rigged, is momentarily a free agent. But immediately on his completing the contract he ceases to be a free agent and is at the mercy of the landowner, to whom the law gives an exceptional power in many ways. The abuse of this power is sure, sooner or later, to bring

retaliation. The existence of the power is in itself a terror. We may be sure that when those who elect legislators learn what they can do they will retaliate.

Since these prophetic words were written the English land law has been but little changed.

Now, however, that the redoubtable Lloyd George has assailed this great citadel of privilege in England, there begins to be some prospect that the landowners will be compelled to bear their fair share of taxation. This, of course, will diminish the net income to be derived from productive property and make the ownership of unproductive property such as parks, "shootings," and "pleasaunces" an exceedingly expensive luxury. Hence the desire to convert them into cash before Lloyd George's proposed reforms become law. This may take some years, for in such matters even English Radicals must move slowly. The change seems certain to come, however, for, now that the House of Lords has lost its veto power, it will be impossible for a few thousand landowners to oppose the will of forty-five million persons.

Newspaper Circulation Commercially Considered. The London "Times" announces that its circulation for the first six days of May averaged 170,825. Its circulation last year was 53,130. This jump is due to a reduction in price from 3*d.* (6 cents) to 1*d.* (2 cents) per copy. The "Times" has not been improved by being cheapened. A critical newspaper man reading its columns to-day has alternate feelings of sorrow and rage. It has broken away from the fine journalistic standards of a century or more, and in its hunt for readers it has lost what was best of it.

In gaining nearly 120,000 circulation in a year the "Times" necessarily has cut into the reading clientele of other high-grade English newspapers; but there is no evidence that it has made the slightest impress on the yellow press of London. It has a long way to go before it can approach in popularity the "Mail" with its 900,000 circulation, the "Mirror" with 500,000, the "Chronicle" with 450,000, the "Express" with 400,000, and the "Evening News" with 250,000.

Selling at two cents per copy, the "Times" can make no money on circulation. The paper on which it is printed is of far better quality than that of any New York daily paper, and its pages are larger than the American standard. The "Times" must garner its profits from its advertisements, the volume of which is great. With swelling circulation, the "Times" can command higher rates for admission to its advertising columns, and from the fact that the publishers are "pointing with pride" to the figures of its daily sales that is what is purposed.

The newspaper that subordinates its quality to the craze for circulation or advertising loses class. The blood lines are as distinctive in newspapers or magazines as in men. The best and highest-priced advertising medium in New York for many forms of goods is a newspaper of the most fearless independence, highest ideals, and smallest circulation.

THE NEW BOOKS

THE COURT OF PEKING[1]

Mr. Backhouse and Mr. Bland, authors of "China under the Empress Dowager," produced a book whose historic worth was held by the best critics to be of the first order. In their present volume the authors produce a book which, in our opinion, has no less merit. Their purpose is to show what the Ming dynasty and the Manchu dynasty have meant to China. Court life, assert these authors, conforms to China's social system and cult of ancestors. "It were folly to expect stability and efficiency from any political institutions in China which do not conform to the deep-rooted sentiments and traditions of the masses. The most cursory study of the country's history should prevent us from mistaking superficial for fundamental phenomena." In this our authors differ radically from the conclusion of some recent observers who believe that "the renaissance of a quarter of the human family is occurring before our eyes, and we have only to sit in the parquet and watch the stage." If by "renaissance," say our authors, "we mean a complete change of the ethical ideals and traditional culture of a race with whom reverence for the past has attained the force of instinct, history [as contained in these "Annals"] forbids us to cherish any such comfortable fantasies. . . . Indeed, the history of China," they affirm, "shows that the greatest danger which can threaten the nation during its recurring crises of unrest lies in a weakening of those ethical restraints and ancient discipline upon which has rested the world's oldest civilization. The history of Japan proclaims the same truth. It was imperative for Japan, as it is imperative for China, that great changes should be made, but it is equally imperative that these changes should not endanger the foundations."

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[1] Annals and Memoirs of the Court of Peking. By E. Backhouse and J. O. P. Bland. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

The present volume is particularly notable, not only because of its admirable historical survey, but also because, unlike most recent books on China, it protests that a Republic there does endanger the foundations, in that "it undermines the ethical basis of China's whole social system." It seems strange to think of the institution of a republic as undermining an ethical basis! Our authors explain:

> To China remain those passive virtues which spring from the religion of ancestor worship, chief of which and most powerful as a factor of cohesion is the sentiment of duty to the dead. It is this sentiment which invests the world's oldest civilization with a philosophic dignity and elements of happiness that the West instinctively respects and envies; with virtues which survive even when bereft of this world's goods. For the preservation of this sentiment, the unbroken continuity of ancient traditions, including the monarchical-patriarchal system of government, is evidently essential.

As applied to Yuan Shi-kai, the President of the Republic, the authors attempt to show that, as a clever man, he recognizes the necessity to his country to preserve the continuity of ancient traditions, and his ultimate aim may be to himself found a dynasty. And a new dynasty can be founded, we are told, by no individual or family in China without fighting a successful civil war. Only so could sufficient respect of the people be obtained. Every day, we learn, increases Yuan's chances of success in this direction. "In biding his time, he is conforming strictly to precedent, as established by the soldier-priest founder of the Ming dynasty." At all events, the Government which he is at present administering is "no more republican than was that of Kublai Khan." Yuan may "deck the surface of China's life with strange inventions from the West," but he must not disturb "those silent depths wherein lie all the moral and social experience of the race." Thus, according to our authors, the Chinese people still remain in the patriarchal stage of development. Hence, they conclude, "it is unfortunate that Young China (like Young India), being highly vocal, should have commanded so wide an audience and inspired so many illusions abroad," and that "superficial disintegration should have been so widely interpreted to imply a vast upheaval of the depths."

Our Friend John Burroughs. By Clara Barrus. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

Mr. Burroughs holds a unique position in this country; all who have read him or heard him count him as their personal friend. The special note of his work is its intimacy with nature; it stands in sharp contrast to the work of Thoreau, because Thoreau deals with wild nature. Mr. Burroughs studies largely the nature that is around our doors. There is nothing narrow or provincial in his view; but it is the nature with which human beings hold intercourse that interests him, and the moods and aspects of which he has studied and transcribed with delightful feeling as well as keen observation.

This book is made up to a considerable extent of letters written by Mr. Burroughs to the author, who may be said to be practically the editor of an autobiography. Mr. Burroughs comes, as he tells us, from farmer ancestors—men who were always dealing at first hand with nature, and acquired both the knowledge and character which that kind of dealing develops. He has much to say about his ancestors, his childhood, his school education, and later his larger education, which came through reading. He also gives an account of his first ventures in authorship, and reports his later life on the banks of the Hudson, where he has become a sort of oracle and his home a Mecca. It is characteristic of Mr. Burroughs, however, that people have not gone to him only; he has gone to them as well. His face is very familiar, not only to many readers, but to hosts of school-children; and perhaps more than any other man who has either written or spoken about nature he has done most to develop the love of nature in this country and to bring nature as a resource into human life.

Childhood of the World (The). By Edward Clodd. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

This small volume has made its mark in the long list of works in the history of human progress. Written for the young and unlearned, it has been in such request as to have been translated into half a dozen European languages, and even printed in raised type for the blind. "Man the Worker" is depicted successively in his primitive conditions and wants, his pursuits, discoveries, and gradual progress to the present. Then "Man the Thinker," in his first questionings, his myths, objects of worship, religious rites and beliefs, is shown gradually ascending to the sublime moral and spiritual truths enshrined in the sacred books of the great religions. "Man the Discoverer and Inventor" follows in a brief sketch of the achievements of modern science. Writing in a simple and attractive literary style, amply illustrating his story, and not omitting to point the moral of thoughts and acts that shape life for good or evil, Mr. Clodd has produced an admirable book.

History of Russia (A). By V. O. Kluchevsky. Vol. III. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

This volume is as interesting as its predecessors have been. The author writes with seeming independence and fearlessness, and claims that much of his material concerning the political, economic, legal, and religious institutions of ancient and modern Russia has never before been printed. The work is erudite and packed with information. Its very mass seems to keep the author's style from being attractive or "popular" in the best sense. For most readers the work has far too much detail. The subject-matter of this latest volume ranges from the time of Boris Gudunov—whose career has now become popularly well known because of the opera of that name—to the reforms begun by Prince Golitzin, Peter the Great's forerunner.

Last Shot (The). By Frederick Palmer. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.35.

A story of an imaginary war by one of the best of modern war correspondents. Unlike Mr. H. G. Wells in his wars of the future, Mr. Palmer writes of war-to-come in the terms of war-to-day. In this he utilizes cleverly and consistently his knowledge of the wars he has seen—in Cuba, in the Philippines, in Korea (Russo-Japan), and in the Balkans. The thesis is, What would a war between great countries be to-day? This problem is not exactly what the United States now faces; but the story, nevertheless, has a special and timely interest just now. There are a love romance and character interest also in this stirring and dramatic war tale.

Religious Art in France, XIII Century. By Émile Male. Translated from the third edition (revised and enlarged) by Dora Mussey. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

The enlarged edition of this work should interest all students of the Gothic age. The man-in-the-street may not care so much for this handsome and well-illustrated volume, but the lover of Gothic windows and frescoes, bas-reliefs and statues, will peruse it with profit. In it he should assuredly discover something more of the true meaning of mediæval art in general and of French art in particular. M. Male's book has also a philosophical and religious value. It instructs us as to Gothic ethics and philosophy, and also as to mediæval views concerning Bible history and the history of the saints. The reading of this book ought to give a decided impetus to the study of the great cathedrals, especially those of France. They were the monumental symbols of mediæval faith and love, and every form of mediæval art represented in them clothed a thought. Indeed, all art was then didactic and symbolic as it never had been before.

Adventurings in the Psychical. By H. Addington Bruce. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.35.

Mr. Bruce's name is familiar to the readers of The Outlook, and very many of those readers are also acquainted with his fascinating volume "The Riddle of Personality." Here, even more than in that book, to which this is in a measure the sequel, the author unites an unusually pleasing story-telling ability with a thorough knowledge of psychological research and the latest conclusions of the specialists in this field. Thus we have translated into the modern view the phenomena once attributed to spirits or (by skeptics) to fraud. Ghosts, clairvoyants, mediums, and other queer matters are shown to have a substratum of fact, and are related to telepathy and to the sub-conscious mind. Mr. Bruce quotes Mr. Frank Podmore as speaking of the progress science is making in "the naturalization of the supernatural." The phrase describes aptly much of Mr. Bruce's own work in this and his other books. So also does his own title-phrase, "adventurings in the psychical." Stories of strange experiences, graphically told, abound. A more readable book it would be hard to find, and it is also suggestive of serious inquiry into half-known subjects.

With the Russians in Mongolia. By H. G. C. Perry-Ayscough and Captain R. B. Otter-Barry. The John Lane Company, New York. $4.50.

In an Introduction to this book, Sir Claude Macdonald, formerly British Minister at Peking, and now Ambassador at Tokyo, indicates that there may be reaction among the Mongols against their new masters, the Russians. But he adds, "It is more than likely that this reaction will come too late." Certainly the Russians have long been "after" Mongolia; it now looks as if they might be permanently in that country. This has its significance for the fortunes of three empires—the Russian, the Chinese, and the British. It enlarges Russian influence; it proportionately cripples the Chinese. How about the British? Those vast outlying Chinese provinces Mongolia and Tibet, the one to the north, the other to the west, are closely allied, not only racially but religiously, for their religion is identical. If in Mongolia the dominating influence is Russian, in Tibet it is British—naturally that of British India, Tibet's next-door neighbor. Will Great Britain follow Russia in obtaining similar rights? Certainly, Russian diplomats, as Sir Claude says, "quite expected Great Britain to take this action."

At all events, the recent treaty between Russia and China regarding Mongolia calls attention as never before to that province. As instructing us concerning it, the book compiled by Mr. Perry-Ayscough and Captain Otter-Barry is timely and seems authoritative. Its historical section is valuable for reference as well as for reading, as are also its commercial notes, while as a mere record of travel in a practically unknown region the volume is peculiarly interesting.

Religio Doctoris. By A Retired College President. Richard G. Badger, Boston. $1.25.

Dr. Stanley Hall has written a sympathetic Introduction to this very suggestive volume. With a discussion of such axioms as that "Right thinking is necessary to right living," and "The ethical idea is the only working hypothesis for the right conduct of life," its author takes his start. He then proceeds to show that not only each individual's life, but his every serious deed, affects in some degree the world itself. Then he explains that moral evil is the result of human incapacity. And then we are shown that the power to enjoy grows directly as does the capacity for sympathy; in other words, that love is the highest thing. The little book is a good book, and it will do good; its ethical and philosophical cogitations are addressed to the every-day man.

Bible in the Making in the Light of Modern Research (The). By J. Paterson Smith, Litt.D. James Pott & Co., New York. 75c.

One who has read other books intended for ordinary readers interested to know how we got our Bible will not only find fresh interest in this, but may be inclined to pronounce it the best. Especially successful is it in elucidating the fact that the historical books of the Old Testament are largely a composite of "a lost library" of olden literature. This is demonstrated by quotations, *e.g.*, two pages of the book of Jasher, also by parallel columns exhibiting, *e.g.*, the duplicate stories of the Creation, and by the use of distinctive type.

Another prominent feature is an instructive chapter on the books little known among Protestants, though accepted as Holy Scripture by Roman Catholics—the so-called Apocrypha—bridging the passage from the Old Testament to the New, and far from valueless both in themselves and for a better understanding of the New. The formation of this is described similarly to that of the Old. Exception must be taken to the statement that an oral Gospel "was the only Gospel the Church had for thirty years after the death of Jesus." Professor Petrie, the distinguished Egyptologist, has shown in his "Growth of the Gospel" that the core of our present Gospels probably existed in writing much earlier. Much evidence has very recently been adduced for believing that Mark's Gospel passed, during several decades, through three editions—Palestinian, Alexandrian, and Roman, the last named now alone surviving as Mark.

Grannie. By Mrs. George Wemyss. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.50.

Every one would love to own such a Grannie as this sweet English lady, of humor, shrewdness, and sufficient submissiveness. The jokes in the little tale are merry, and the spirit pervading all branches of Grannie's family is one to be admired. The atmosphere is distinctly English, and thoroughly wholesome, without being exciting.

Presidents of the United States (1789–1914), The. By John Fiske, Carl Schurz, Robert C. Winthrop, George Ticknor Curtis, George Bancroft, John Hay, and many others. Edited by James Grant Wilson. In 4 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $7.50.

These volumes are of much value to the student of history. They are of a fortunately popular character. They should have a wide appeal. Among the most interesting men in history are some of our Presidents. Even the less well known deserve to be better known, if, perhaps, not so much on their own individual account, at all events, for their significance in the country's progress. The present volumes include brief biographies of our twenty-eight Presidents, and these biographies represent no hack work; they have been written by distinguished scholars and publicists, men with strongly molded individual opinions and with the courage of those opinions. Their comment is entitled to great respect. Of course the volumes comprise not only twenty-eight biographical sketches, but a continuous history from the inauguration of our first President to the close of 1913; that is to say, a period of nearly a hundred and twenty-five years and thirty-two administrations.

First Step (The). By Eliza Orne White. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.10.

A wholesome, pleasant story, with no great vitality, describes the awakening of a gentle, womanly nature to the possibilities of an old house left her by a cousin, and the even greater possibilities offered in the devotion of an inarticulate lover.

Loot from the Temple of Fortune. By Horace A. Vachell. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.25.

The first of these short stories, the real hero and heroine of which are waiters in a Soho restaurant, is a charming and humorous bit of writing; two or three others are good, though less good; several are "pot-boilers" not worthy the author of "Blinds Down" and other novels less well known in America than they deserve to be.

BY THE WAY

Where was the most ancient civilization known? A recent traveler in Turkestan, Dr. W. J. Parmelee, writes to his home paper, the Springfield, Massachusetts, "Republican," that explorations show that ten thousand years ago (twice the age of the Egyptian Pyramids) a people lived southeast of the Caspian Sea, about one hundred and twenty-five miles from the Sea, who had brick houses, decorated pottery, household articles, kept domestic animals, raised and ground wheat, and cooked their food. So far as can be told, they had no weapons and lived in peace with their neighbors—a trait which may be taken as evidencing civilization or non-civilization, according to the reader's view.

Where is Mr. Bok? Mr. F. P. Adams, of the New York "Tribune's" "Colyum," always on the outlook for specimens of the "'Whom are you?' said Cyril," type, immortalizes the following sentence from a sophomore's letter to the Yale "Daily News:" "This is a pretty low trick, worthy only of New Haven muckers, whom I hope are the ones who do it."

In the West dining-cars on the railways are being used for the tango (phonographs supplying the music), and there is discussion about having vaudeville on the Atlantic liners. There seems to be no rest for the traveler weary of "canned joy."

The recent gift by Mr. Rockefeller of a large sum for the study of animal disease has brought out the fact that, according to the Department of Agriculture, the United States in 1913 lost meat animals to the value of $150,000,000 through disease and exposure. Disease carried away cattle, hogs, and sheep worth $122,000,000, while exposure was responsible for the loss of $28,000,000 in cattle and sheep. Hog cholera cost the country $73,000,000. The aggregate, says the New York "Sun," would have been sufficient to furnish a normal year's supply of meat to the entire population of New England.

There are 1,442 pensioners of the Mexican War of 1846–8 still on the rolls. Philadelphia, says an exchange, boasts three men who marched from Vera Cruz to Mexico City under General Scott. They are Major James B. Wilson, ninety years old; Captain Isaac Williams, aged eighty-eight; and Sergeant George Manypenny, aged ninety.

We hope that this story of the welcome accorded a new bishop in Albania, quoted from a writer on that country, is as accurate as it is picturesque: "Outside the churchyard an expectant crowd was massed for the arrival of the bishop of the diocese. Every Martini was pointed in the air, and every one blazed away at intervals. Presently the bishop, with all his robes on, a glorious figure in purple and black, galloped up on a smart horse. Bang went all the rifles! and the bishop rode up to the crowd, which surged round him. Smiling like a child, he whisked out his great silver-wrought revolver and let off every cartridge into the air. Church services followed."

Next September occurs the centenary of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Why, asks the "Youth's Companion," should not Americans celebrate it by learning the words of the song?

"Oscar," the noted Waldorf chef, is an advocate of the simple life. "We used to serve dinners of thirteen or fourteen courses," he is reported as saying; "now the usual dinner is of eight courses, sometimes of six or seven only. Personally, I think five or six courses are ample. Oysters, green turtle soup, a saddle of lamb with a vegetable, a salad, ices, and coffee and cheese are sufficient." Certain Parisian chefs have outdone their New York contemporary, however, by suggesting that "two dish leagues" should be formed of those who think that two dishes, perfect in their way, are enough for a dinner.

An odd genius, the Rev. Dr. Poindexter Smith Henson, lately died in Chicago. He was a lecturer and a humorist. One of his best-known lectures was entitled "Fools," and Dr. Henson would have the tickets printed as follows:

TO-NIGHT
at ———————— Hall
Dr. P. S. Henson will Lecture on
"FOOLS"
(THIS TICKET ADMITS ONE)

It is never too late to learn, perhaps. The Sarnia "Canadian" says that "Thomas Collins, of the first concession of Biddulph Township, who is ninety-nine and one-half years old, has just commenced taking music lessons."

No less than thirty-four men can find standing-room in one of the dippers of the new Panama Canal dredges that are now being completed at the Staten Island Shipbuilding Company in New York Harbor, remarks the "Engineering News." The dippers of each of these mammoth dredges measure no less than ten feet nine and one-half inches in height from the bottom band to the upper edge of their manganese steel lips. They have a capacity of fifteen cubic yards; and it is expected that each dredge, which has a displacement of 1,500 tons, will be able to excavate about 300,000 cubic yards per month in actual operation on the Isthmus. The dredges are designed to dip to a depth of fifty feet.